

Assume You Know What I Mean

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Assume You Know What I Mean

by [glittering_ant](#)

Summary

George accidentally reveals something he shouldn't have to someone he didn't mean to. Dream sees it a little differently, and somehow, he manages to say exactly how he feels without actually letting George know how he feels.

Notes

This took three months. Why? Idk, it was meant to be a short oneshot. How do ppl write fast? How do you do that??

This isn't that longfic I was debating on writing, i just accidentally wrote more for this than necessary and now i guess I'm giving it another chapter lol

Also, please note that this fic uses a **work skin** in order to nicely format a few lines. It's a VERY minor addition, you might not even notice it. But it's recommended you keep the creators style set to shown, anyway. (If it already says "hide creators style" up the top, then you don't need to change anything ^^)

Enjoy. :)

Push and Pull

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream had just dragged himself out of bed when a notification from Sapnap lit up his phone screen.

Sapnap

Dude, get the fuck up and come on the smp discord, everyone's on here

Dream exhaled heavily and scrubbed at his eyes. It was still way too early for any kind of substantial group interactions, but he had already opened the text, meaning Sapnap now knew he was awake, and he no longer had any excuse. It wouldn't be out of character for the younger man to pester him until he complied, either.

He was still barely awake by the time Dream joined the call to a barrage of deafening voices and passionate yelling—both of which cost a severe toll on his rousing brain.

Strangely enough, the Dream SMP Discord was bustling with members that were jumping between VCs like pinballs. At first, Dream wondered if he had missed a lore event, but drew a blank when he tried recalling any plot progression planned for that day.

All that Sapnap had supplied him with, once he'd asked, was *everyone's on right now, and it's mayhem*.

Sapnap had also warned him that Quackity and Tommy were online and streaming, which made him sigh dramatically. He hadn't yet accumulated the energy to make a very impactful stream appearance, but his curiosity had admittedly got the better of him, and he'd tried not to grumble petulantly as he had reluctantly booted up his PC.

The voice chat Dream had entered into was already inhabited by at least seven other people, but he immediately recognised George and Sapnap, who's shrill bickering easily stood out above everyone else's comparatively regular conversations.

“Sapnap! I'm going to die! You just— *Sapnap!* You pushed me off!”

“I did not, I actually *bet* I did not.”

Dream smothered a chuckle and grabbed a water bottle from the mini fridge nearby his desk, stifling his amusement by taking several long chugs of cool water.

“Well, you’re about to lose that bet.”

“I did *n*—! Watch the vods okay, go back and watch Quackity’s stream. You’re stupid.” Sapnap retaliated.

Dream decided it was probably time he announced his presence before their volume only escalated.

“I join the VC, and all I can hear is George and Sapnap talking over everyone else who’s just trying to have a normal, pleasant conversation.” Dream snarked with a puckish smile.

All members of the call reacted instantaneously to the debut of a new person, slowly getting a few consecutive greetings in, and Dream smiled tiredly to himself at his friends’ chipperness. He really loved all of them, even if he would have probably really enjoyed an extra hour of sleep after he’d stayed up late editing the night prior.

He slotted into the conversation easily, offering mild comments every here and there, Sapnap not forgetting to appropriately jibe at Dream for his voice, majorly tainted with sleep.

While the rest of the call were avidly fleshing out the foundations for some kind of short challenge in-game, Dream was interrupted by a buzz from his phone. Glancing down, he saw George’s name sprawled out beside the Snapchat icon on the forefront of his lockscreen. Ignoring the way his cheek tugged incessantly at one corner of his mouth, Dream swiped on the notification and was brought into the app.

His eyes widened, however, when he was greeted with the Brit’s actual snap.

It was a blurry picture that was clearly capturing nothing of significance—just the brunet’s Discord screen and a section of his desk—but it was the caption that made Dream do a double take. And then another, because surely George hadn’t meant to say that.

Tell me why the fuck Dream's voice is so fucking rough in the mornings

Dream stared. Over the group call, George was still providing the same amounts of ample sustenance as he usually did, like nothing was amiss.

Dream blinked down at the snap that had been set to infinite. Was he supposed to reply?

George had used Dream's name instead of 'you' pronouns, indicating that he probably had meant to send it to someone else.

... George talks about his voice to other people? It seemed even more bizarre when put in a sentence, but all the proof was right in front of him.

Dream racked his brain trying to logically reason who his incredibly private and typically reserved best friend would have sent such a highly modal Snapchat to. The deduction came pretty quickly—there was only one other person that George was close enough with that he'd feel comfortable sending a comment of such a nature to, about Dream, and aside from Dream himself: Sapnap.

Tapping out of the snap, Dream opened up his camera to reply. He prefaced that he should keep it much within the same realms of George's own, settling for a similarly plain-looking image that wouldn't take from the caption itself. As he stared at the pixelated version of his carpet and sock-covered feet displayed back to him, his thumb hovered over the middle of the screen, deliberating. The line was so excruciatingly blurry, yet the idiotic, latent-teenage parts of his hormonal brain left himself thinking that toeing it would be a really good idea.

After a moment's hesitation, he impulsively decided to flip the camera onto himself, holding up his phone so that his face was mostly cut off, only the edge of his jaw and his covered chest showing.

He stared at his snap and bit his lip, rolling the skin between his teeth until it protested in pain. God, what was he doing? He was too tired to rationalise yet.

Nervously, he tapped the image and began typing in a response.

Ohhh, is it? ;) lol, did u mean to send that to Sapnap?

Dream looked down at his creation, eyes darting between the send arrow and the image itself. Surely that wasn't too over the top? It was lighthearted enough that it wouldn't scare George off, but laced with just the barest hint of flirtatiousness that supplied George with an opening should the older man choose to take it. And, if not (and if Dream had merely been over-optimistic about the implications of George's text) he could play it off as his usual banter.

Right. Not over the top, he reiterated to himself, willing as much surety into it as he could muster.

Before he could overthink it, he punched the bottom right arrow and tapped on George's contact, finalising his decision.

The loading symbol appeared, and then it was delivered.

Daring to tune back into the conversation, Dream listened for George's reaction over the ever-present noise of the Discord call.

The Brit was halfway through making a remark to Karl when he stumbled and fell quiet.

Dream watched as the pink icon changed to 'opened', and George went dead silent over the headset.

"What did you just say to me, George?" Karl tried, oblivious laughter in his voice.

George didn't respond, and Dream felt a smile twinge on his face. Perhaps it was cruel, but Dream purposely retained the dubious, sleep-addled inflection in his voice when he spoke.

"Yeah George, you're being so *rude*," He tutted cockily. "What was it you were about to call him?"

George finally seemed to snap out of his trance, and Dream drank in the sounds he emitted as the brunet sucked in a quiet breath through the static.

"Uhh—what?" He cleared his throat nervously and tried again. "Um, sorry. I just, uh, realised something I'd forgotten to do."

Dream found himself hanging onto the way George trailed off, *lied* for him. Movement on his phone screen made him glance down to see George typing on the other end. A blue arrow icon appeared, and Dream tapped on the conversation.

GEORGE

| I did not mean to send that to you

ME

| Haha, I figured. Sapnap?

GEORGE

| Yeah

Dream vaguely heard Karl begin another tangent, but he had a feeling that neither he nor George were really paying attention anymore.

Dream waited, but George never elaborated, and the blond frowned as mild disappointment tugged at his restless mind. No way was George getting off that easily. He switched back to his camera and shot another quick image.

So do you two often talk about my voice? Dream wrote, still feeling slightly hesitant to push the brunet too much too soon. His friend could be a little mousy in comparison to Dream's rather confrontational attitude. He'd have to take it slow if he wanted to see how far George would allow him to go.

God, truly, what was Dream thinking? Clearly, he wasn't. Unfortunately, his dick was.

He paused his train of thought when the notification of another Snapchat message came through.

GEORGE

| Shut up, it was an accident

Dream's fingers had never pulled up his keyboard so fast.

ME

| That's okay, I'm flattered.

GEORGE

| I'm glad you think I was complimenting you, idiot

Dream chuckled, (he could almost hear the brunet's eye roll) and then glanced up at the Discord call worriedly, hoping no one had picked up on his obviously out-of-nowhere laugh. Luckily, the conversation seemed to be moving too quickly for anyone to notice. George did, though.

GEORGE

| I heard that

Furiously, Dream's fingers stumbled out a retaliation.

ME

| Whatever, no u didn't. You didn't answer my question by the way.

George stopped typing, or doing anything at all. The seconds ticked by, and Dream silently begged his friend not to leave the conversation. Finally, a new line of text appeared.

GEORGE

| And that was?

Dream fought down a smirk. Playing dumb, then. How cute.

ME

| Do you talk about me to Sapnap? You can tell me the honest truth, George

He deliberated for a moment before adding several ironic emojis to water down the severity, then hitting send. George's icon showed him typing for some time before a message came through.

GEORGE

| Of course I do, we're all best friends. We always talk about each other.

ME

| George you literally know what I meant, I know you do

There was a distinct pause.

GEORGE

| Are you doing this on purpose?

Dream frowned, a bit puzzled. George dodged his questions relentlessly.

ME

| What do you mean? Also, is that your answer?

George's icon flipped between typing and sitting idle like mad.

GEORGE

| Nevermind

Dream's phone again told him George was typing, but eventually the latter stopped altogether, and then disappeared completely. Dream heard him tentatively talking to the rest of the group call.

Dream slumped in defeat. He got the niggling suspicion as though he'd lost his chance at something, though the specifics of it were still unclear. He ignored the others and set his shoulders, clutching his phone tighter in his hands.

He opened his camera back up, and quickly shot another picture, again aimed at his torso. He was getting a little desperate. He captioned it, and sent it.

Leaving me on read George?? :(I thought we were connecting. </3

Clingy, but George would understand his irony. The brunet opened it almost immediately, though seemed to debate whether or not he wanted to continue humouring his friend.

George just sent through another chat instead. Dream suppressed a groan.

GEORGE

I Are you really just gonna text me while we're in a group vc? Also, you and your ego are stupid. I bet you wouldn't be able to handle genuine compliments from me.

Heat spun slowly like spider silk between Dream's veins, a mischievous grin donning his features. Wanting to string the other along for a little bit longer, and relishing in the game of push-and-pull, he left his phone open on his desk for a couple minutes, instead favouring attempts to offer a few sparse comments on the call. A response shot back at him on his screen, not a couple minutes later.

GEORGE

I Hypocrite

Dream felt his confidence swelling, and he grew more and more daring.

ME

I Why don't you try it and find out? I bet I can.

George struggled with a response again, and Dream hurried to get another text in.

ME

I You seem to have already formulated an opinion on my morning voice.

Dream's face was burning, and he had to mute his mic for a moment to bury his face in his hands, cheeks laughably hotter than his extremities. When he removed them again, he unmuted and stared down another reply from George.

GEORGE

I U really want me to elaborate on that huh

Helpless, Dream felt a smile tug incessantly on his face.

ME

I I get sent a snap by my best friend that wasn't intended for me, talking rather strongly about my "rough voice". Yes, I'm dying to hear it.

Dream heard a sigh over his headset and looked up at George's icon, just catching the ring of green light up around his profile picture before it disappeared. He restrained himself from chuckling. It appeared he wasn't the only one forgetting others could hear them.

A few members of the call stopped and listened, expecting more, and calling out when no one spoke up.

"Who was that that just sighed? Was that George?" Quackity asked.

Hearing Alex speak made the rest of the group go quiet in curiosity. Dream heard the man's high pitched, confused laughter when his question was met by silence.

"George?" Sapnap prompted.

George was likely frustrated at being cornered with no out, and no choice but to explain himself. Dream didn't really envy him. He felt only slightly responsible.

Finally, George cleared his throat and spoke up, "Sorry, I wasn't really paying attention. I'm on my phone."

The tension eased and the others began to joke and berate the Brit for supposedly finding them 'too boring for him'. George was able to laugh it off easily and agree, and his slip-up was immediately forgotten.

In no time, George had hastily fired a strafe of texts at him.

GEORGE

| You suck

| I'm blaming you for that

| Why

Dream couldn't help it, he burst out with breathy laughter at George's short trilogy of flustered prompts. Everyone immediately stopped and listened once more.

“What?” Quackity’s questioning voice carried through to the forefront again.

“Are you two idiots texting each other?” Sapnap had an obvious note of amusement under his otherwise intrigued tone.

God damn it, Dream should have known to expect that Sapnap would have joined the dots immediately. He knew them far too well. Deciding that owning it would be easier than weaving around the question, Dream responded with the truth.

“Maybe, yes.”

A chorus of laughs resounded back at Dream, and he followed along closely to quell suspicion. George chose then to butt-in, also.

“He’s being an idiot.” The brunet sounded nonchalant, but Dream could tell he was being careful.

Sapnap’s humour rang loudest in response.

“What, is he sending you feet pics? *Dream*, how come you never send *me* feet pics?” The Texan complained childishly.

“What the hell, Sapnap, I’m not giving you feet pics, you weirdo. Go ask Karl and see if he’s into that.” Dream suggested, wheezing. It was maybe a little bit unfair, but he was secretly hoping that the blatant pandering would deflect attention off of himself and George, and sufficiently distract everyone else in the Discord as well as the stream.

The call exploded with many elaborate responses just like Dream had expected, mostly consisting of laughter, but some—such as in Sapnap’s case—were a little more indignant.

Another conversation had already begun to sweep through the Discord, and Dream heard Sapnap mutter a final *shut up, Dream*, before they were blessedly left alone once more.

Dream’s phone buzzed in his hand.

GEORGE

| Ha ha

The blond refrained from rolling his eyes, still smiling widely.

ME

| Stop distracting from the conversation. You're leaving me on such a cliffhanger, Georgie. I'm on the edge of my seat, here ;(

The winky faces could have been overdoing it, but all Dream could think about was how his body felt like it was buzzing with atomical excitement and throat-clogging anticipation.

GEORGE

| You're so dumb

ME

| Geooooorge

George read it, and then left the conversation. Dream furrowed his eyebrows in confusion, until the appearance of a new snap came through, followed closely by a second. He pulled away from his mic, slumped back in his chair and sucked in a breath.

Fuck.

Filled with embarrassing hope, he pretended he wasn't itching to cross his fingers on top of his thigh like an elementary schooler, and opened the first one.

It was another grainy image of George's desk, barely capturing anything at all, with the simple text *fine* written across the screen.

Holding his breath, he shakily forwarded to the next snap, and promptly felt all the blood in his body drain south.

It was flipped onto George's selfie camera this time, and held striking similarity to Dream's earlier

snaps that he'd sent to the other. Most of his face was cut off, but from what Dream could see, the brunet was blushing prettily down to his jaw, Dream's gaze hungrily eyeing down the expanse of his pale neck and finishing at the dip of his t-shirt, memorising the tiniest glimpse of unblemished collarbones that he could see just barely peeking through.

Dream's attention flicked to the block of text, and he had to readjust his grip on his phone, eyes widening.

I think your morning voice sounds hot as fuck. I love hearing you like that. Your regular voice is already enough, but then you go and fucking sound like that, and I'm screwed. There, is that what you fucking wanted to know?

Frantically, Dream scrambled to mute his mic on Discord again. Double-checking that it had registered his keybind via the indicative noise in his headset, he let all the air out of his lungs in a loud rush, feeling himself sink further into his chair. He risked another glance down at his phone screen, the snap still there and staring back at him innocuously.

Jesus. *Christ.*

Yes, he thought in disbelief, *that was everything I was hoping to hear.*

Face flaming, Dream shifted in his seat and tentatively pulled his hand back towards him, phone suddenly weighing a ton in his palm. He felt deeply-situated arousal raise the hairs on his nape as he stared openly at George's picture again, George's face, George's *neck*. His other hand came up to join the other around his phone, and his fingers lingered dangerously around the side and home buttons. He felt heavy claws of temptation curling around his shoulders, and with the knowledge of what he'd already catalysed, screenshot it.

Almost immediately in his headphones, he heard the thud of someone knocking something on their desk, and looked up to see George hastily mute himself.

Fuck, that was probably really stupid. Shit.

Spurred on by sudden mania, Dream hurried to open up his Snapchat conversation with George, forlornly assuming the concupiscent snap to minimise, and was instead met with another that George had sent sometime after he'd opened the last.

I should not have said that. I'm sorry, it read. Dream felt as though he'd been slapped.

Adrenaline mingled with dread in his gut, and his hands shook as he raced to open their recent thread of messages. George had already beat him to it.

GEORGE

I Fuck you, what the fuck? You're such a fucking dickhead, Clay.

Dream's stomach knotted, and he couldn't even appreciate being called by his real name when it was in the entirely wrong context. His fingers quavered uselessly over his phone's keyboard for a moment before he forced them into action.

ME

I George wait, I'm sorry, please don't go yet

GEORGE

I Okay?? Spit it out, asshole.

Christ, he was so dumb, he wanted to hit himself. Instead, Dream ruffled his hair nervously before bringing both his thumbs back to his screen.

ME

I I just have to know

I Did you mean that?

George's icon didn't move. Excruciating stillness swept over the conversation. He thought he already knew the answer, but he needed to hear George say it.

GEORGE

I Yes

Then, after a silence;

GEORGE

I I'm sorry. Can we please forget about this? I'm being serious

Dream let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. Distantly, he couldn't help but wonder—how long had George felt this way for him? Was it for as long as Dream had for *him*?

... Was it even in the same manner?

Despite himself, Dream felt giddy excitement bubble gently in his chest. He swiped out of the chat, opening up his camera again. Regarding himself in the tiny screen of his phone, he winced. He looked like a mess. His face was so red it could almost be passed off as a sunburn, and his hair was dishevelled from where it curled out under his headphones. When caught by the light of his monitor at the right angle, he could see the faint sheen of sweat accumulating in the dip of his collarbones. The only reason some of his dignity remained intact was because the camera didn't reach to his lap.

He snapped a picture and began typing.

I get the feeling I won't be forgetting that anytime soon. God your mouth is filthy. You have no fucking idea what you're doing to me.

He didn't hesitate when he sent it this time, the confidence that had crashed earlier rebuilding itself tenfold.

A gasp sounded in his ears, nearly drowned out by the people who were still actually using the VC to talk, and Dream looked up in surprise to see George's microphone taken off mute. There was a faint clacking of keys, and then the mute icon reappeared next to his name again. The remaining members of the call, if they'd noticed, were resolutely ignoring the pair's strange behaviour, loyally raising their voices to retain the chat's focus.

Predictably, though still somewhat embarrassingly for Dream, Sapnap's profile picture appeared in his Discord recents along with a red notification badge. He clicked on it, taking him to their private DMs.

Sapnap Today at 13:23

Dude, what the fuck is going on between you two? Is everything okay?

Dream felt slightly bad for making their friends worry, but dutifully typed back.

Dream Today at 13:24

Yeah, I think so. I have a slight feeling we'll be leaving the call soon.

Sapnap's reply was instantaneous.

Sapnap Today at 13:24

Alright, well if you need anything, let me know, okay? And keep it PG, you're seriously being weird.

Dream snickered to himself at that.

Dream Today at 13:24

Of course, thanks man.

Exiting out of his directs, he returned to the voice channel screen, and promptly crammed his phone back into his line of sight.

Their chat stared back at him.

GEORGE HAS TAKEN A SCREENSHOT!

Dream's heart stuttered, and self-satisfaction trickled down his spine like hot candy. He appraised George's avatar as it moved.

GEORGE

I You did it first.

I I told you you wouldn't be able to handle me if I was being honest

ME

I You sure did

Confusion was braiding with the tight ropes of arousal in Dream's belly, conflicting him. They were blatantly flirting now, he wasn't stupid. But there was still a massive cloud of assumption surrounding them, and so many things weren't being said, even though they probably should be.

Dream recognised this, yet he still felt himself blindly stepping further into the fog with his eyes shut, and he didn't care.

George apparently, was of the same internal dilemma, though in typical character, he wasn't as interested in acting impulsively and relying on questions later.

GEORGE

I Dream, am I reading this right? Not gonna lie, I'm really nervous right now and you're being hard to read

ME

I Alright, well I hope this answers your question George, because I really want you, and I'm really, really hoping this means you want me back.

There, Dream had given back the mile that he'd taken earlier, when he screenshot the other's reluctant confession. George didn't move, didn't react, and Dream was dying to know what he looked like right now, how badly his own provocative admission had affected the brunet. Dream could almost picture the exact shade of red that George's face turned when he blushed.

Scrubbing a hand across his cheek, Dream set his phone aside on his desk and glanced back up at his monitor, scanning the icons ricocheting back and forth on the app. It was still just himself and George not participating it seemed, and George had seemingly learnt his lesson earlier about unmuting while reading texts from Dream.

Once he felt he'd composed himself enough, Dream snatched up his phone again, barely breathing as he jammed in his fingerprint and rushed to pull up snapchat, typing out another message. George was still vacantly sitting there, and Dream was once again desperate to know what was going through the other man's head.

ME

I What are you thinking..?

George didn't react for a daunting twenty or more seconds, and Dream felt trepidation rise in his throat, equal parts thrilling and nauseating. Finally, his status changed to indicate that he had left, and a short while later, a new snap popped through. Dream almost bit his tongue as his jaw clicked shut, impatiently tapping it open.

George did not disappoint, as always.

He was reclined in his chair with his headphones around his neck, knuckles of his right hand pressed lightly against his lips, slightly parted and unintentionally teasing. He had cut off most of his face again, likely from embarrassment, but Dream could see the way pink stretched all the way to his throat and under his dark-coloured headphones. His head was inclined in a way that made the slope of his neck painfully salient, and Dream found himself having trouble looking away.

Feeling his own face simmer, Dream brought a hand up and pressed against his warm cheeks, trying to coax the blood out of them. It may have been covered by his shirt and headset this time, but Dream could pinpoint exactly where George's collarbones sat, desire making the blond ache with the wanton need to press his teeth into the skin there.

His gaze flicked further down, to the writing near the bottom of the screen.

You're an idiot, Dream. If you thought after everything I've said in this conversation so far that I still don't want you, then you're completely stupid. Fuck, of course I fucking want you, so bad it hurts.

Dream took a shuddering breath that escaped him as a groan. He shifted again awkwardly, pants uncomfortable. This was too much.

He tapped out of the image, then after a moment's deliberation, replayed it, and took a screenshot. He already had the foundations for quite the collection of jack-off material, but he didn't feel as guilty about it knowing George might be doing the same thing. The thought made his pulse race.

He was about to just jump George in their chat and force him to move to a private voice call, but he ended up swiping to his camera out of habit. The reflection of his glistening skin mocked him. Overcome by a sudden wave of confidence, Dream angled his lidded eyes, wild with lust, into the top half of the shot, and delicately leaned his cheek into his fingers, elbow digging in painfully where it met the armrest. He stared down his lens as he captured the photo.

Hurts, does it? Your pants getting uncomfortable Georgie? Is that what I'm doing to you?

On a separate line, he added, *Mine fucking are. I'll tell you all about it if you want me to.*

Dream shifted again, hand reaching down to rest on his thigh, inches from his growing hard-on. He wanted to wreck George, wanted to know what he sounded like when someone else was pulling

him apart by all of his loose threads, but photos from the other man were something Dream could keep, could easily revisit. He wasn't yet done coaxing them out of the brunet.

George was sending through his responding snaps much quicker now. Dream delighted in it.

Fuck, Dream. Please do something. Keep talking, tell me to do something

George's grip on his composure was slipping, evident in the way he had a finger between his teeth, knuckle pinched and white, and his head was pushing into the back of his chair, neck arching with the movement—Dream soaked up every detail of it.

He pulled open their chat.

ME

I Leave the call. I want you to myself.

George's reaction was instantaneous. Dream looked up to see his icon disappear from the voice channel, and hurriedly shoved his phone aside to do the same, dropping into Sapnap's direct messages to offer a quick explanation.

Dream Today at 13:39

Sorry dude, I just made George leave the call. I'm gonna dip now too.

Sapnap responded a minute later;

Sapnap Today at 13:40

You made him leave?aight. Also please at least tell the stream first, I'm not covering for you unless we can negotiate a pay raise.

Dream Today at 13:40

Lmao sure, probably a good idea. Yea srry abt that.

Sapnap Today at 13:41

No you're not

Dream Today at 13:41

Nah

Dream chuckled to himself and returned to the SMP's server, finally unmuting himself.

Everyone appeared to have calmed down compared to earlier, and were now having a far more civilised discussion. Dream was a little unwilling to interrupt the conversation, but the knowledge that George was waiting for him to—well—Dream wasn't exactly sure yet what they were about to do, but he knew that he wasn't intending to postpone it.

“Alright, I think I'm heading out now. George just reminded me that we have a few thumbnails due soon.” Not exactly a lie, except for the fact they'd already done them. Dream felt a little guilty, but then again, he didn't owe anyone an explanation on his relationship with George.

His friends easily replied with all of their own versions of 'no problem' and 'goodbye', and thankfully didn't press further. Dream was aware of how unsubtle he and George were being, but he was grateful his friends were brushing it off so as to keep the tens of thousands of live viewers off their backs.

The indication that his headset and microphone had disconnected from the call reverberated in his ears, sounding louder than it really was. In the sudden silence, it almost felt as if there were a cloud looming over his head, promising and dark, leaving a charged taste of static in the air.

Dream's hand flew to his phone, scooping up the device rather harshly. His thumbs flew over his screen.

ME

I Tell me how my voice makes you feel. Show me.

GEORGE

I I will. Please call me. Please?

Dream had never opened his Discord directs so fast, locating George's name in a heartbeat and clicking on the call button.

George picked up before the second ring.

There were a few beats of stifling silence, thick with heat and humidity.

“...Dream?” Came George’s timid call, and he already sounded worked up, voice a breathy timbre.

“George?” He countered smoothly, sly grin evident in his words.

Dream heard the way George’s breath picked up over the line, and gripped his thigh harshly in his hand. He swore under his breath, and finally gave in, settling his palm over his own growing erection.

“Dream, do you—” George began, shyness crowding his words, but Dream cut him off.

“George, I’m not waiting for you anymore. Tell me. *Tell me* what I’m doing to you.” Even Dream could hear how strong the possessiveness in his own voice was, and he didn’t miss the way that George choked slightly as he inhaled. Dream palmed himself steadily through his pants, breath hitching for a moment.

“I-I’m—ah—I’m...” George trailed off, clearly flummoxed, and Dream’s eyebrows rose with mild surprise at how subservient George was being. He’d expected more of a fight from the older man, which led Dream to wonder if George really hadn’t been kidding about how Dream’s voice affected him. The thought made him shiver pleasantly, goosebumps settling over his tingling skin.

George made a soft noise again, and Dream snapped to attention.

“George, are you touching yourself?” He let his voice sink to a low calibre, listening intently for the brunet’s reactions, eager to understand what George liked.

He heard the brunet whine, a muffled noise getting caught in his throat as he rushed to deny the accusation, and Dream’s dick twitched under his palm.

“N-No, I’m not, Dream, I’m not. I’m w-waiting for you.” George admitted, and Dream preened, loving the fluster in the brunet’s voice.

“George. You’re such a good boy—” George keened quietly. “—were you waiting for my permission this whole time?” Dream cooed.

George's heavy breathing could be heard over the line.

"A bit." He said in a rush of breath.

Dream hummed appreciatively.

"Good. Can you do something for me, though?" Dream allowed his voice to soften like butter. Through the haze of desire, and the tightness of his pants, Dream was anxious about straying too far from George's comfort zone. He was almost as hard as fucking diamond, but George mattered to him more than anything, and his heart ached with the innate need to care for the other man, to please him.

George hummed in confirmation.

"I know we both said that we want this, but... tell me if I'm going too far, please? I can't—I want this to be good for you, George. I want to make you feel good, yeah?"

Dream heard soft laughter over the line, and had to clench his free fist in his shirt to ground himself.

"Dream, you're ridiculous. Don't baby me. You *know* you aren't hurting me, and I wouldn't let you, anyway. How many times will it take me to say 'I want you' before you actually listen?"

Dream's stomach twisted and blood rushed in his ears. He cursed breathily.

"Let me be clear," George continued before Dream had a chance to open his mouth. "I am more than okay with this, Dream, and I think you should try your worst." George drawled, accent curling around his words and spreading warmth throughout Dream.

Dream heard a soft thud, like George had dropped his head onto the headrest behind him.

"Please, don't treat me like I can't take it. Who was it again that couldn't handle compliments?"

George cheeked, and Dream didn't miss the grin in his voice.

He glared pointlessly at his monitor, heat having a resurgence across his face.

"Alright brat, I get it." He huffed, and George only laughed at him, taunting and airy.

Dream felt a spark in him at the barest insinuation that he wasn't being taken seriously. Maybe he was too much of a textbook Leo, because he was immediately overcome with the stubborn need to retaliate—and if he couldn't physically manhandle George, then he could at least verbally knock him down a peg or four.

"Turn on your camera, George. Now." He said evenly.

That seemed to catch the other off guard, who made a noise of faint surprise and fumbled against his keyboard for a moment.

"U-Um, will you...?" The brunet stammered.

Dream snorted quietly, amused. "I don't know how I can be any clearer. I want to see you, George. How can I help you if I can't see the problem? Turn your camera on." He requested mildly, bypassing George's question dismissively.

There was a muffled rustling, and then George's webcam flashed on his screen. He looked as he had in the snaps that now sat with heavy implication in Dream's camera roll; flustered, sweaty, and red down to his collar. Dream's heart thundered possessively.

"George..." Dream heard himself groan breathlessly. It was a little embarrassing, to say the least, but he liked to pretend he recovered quickly.

He stared at the edge of the screen where it cut off at around George's stomach height. Dream fought back a frown.

"George." He bit, heavy with implication.

George's remark was breathless and short. "W-What?"

He wasn't quite looking at his camera, intentionally not meeting the lens, and Dream could see that he was consciously trying to act unaffected.

"You know." Dream purred. It was presented as a statement, and he caught the way George's breath hitched. "I want to *see* you, Georgie. Camera down, I won't ask again."

He could see George deliberating for a moment, bottom lip tugged between his teeth. Dream's eyes followed the movement.

"And don't try cutting your face out of it either, I can practically hear you thinking." Dream chuckled as George rolled his eyes dramatically.

"Damn it. Fine, asshole."

A moment later, George had fixed his camera, rolling back in his chair until Dream could see everything from his mid-thighs, to the top of his headset. Dream stared, eyes raking down his friend's body. George had sunk back into his chair, tilted head showcasing his bare neck. Dream took note of his plain-looking t-shirt, and grey drawstring shorts, the latter of which were concealing his noticeable arousal.

The entire image made Dream's dick twitch to attention. He dragged his palm firmer over his crotch, trying and failing to suppress a grunt.

"Good—good boy, George," Dream praised, eliciting a gasp from George, who bit down on his bottom lip. "Fuck, you're s-so attractive, George. You *have* to know that."

George gripped his armrests with a white-knuckled grasp. "*Dream*," he whined.

Dream licked his lips to the sound of his name tumbling sinfully out of his friend's mouth, voice thick with desire. Dream's hand dragged upwards over his stomach, then back down, slipping underneath his waistband, fingers curling firmly around his hard on.

“George, lift your shirt up. Hold it up with your teeth.” Dream commanded, and George complied almost immediately.

Dream began slowly pumping his dick, swiping leisurely across the underside of the head, and collecting the precum at the top every now and then—not enough to bring him to orgasm, but just enough to maintain generous stimulation.

“God, fuck, you’re hot. I want to get my hands all over you.” George tensed at that, back arching into nothing. “You’re so fucking small, I could probably cover your stomach with one hand.” Dream shuddered, fingers itching to increase their speed. “Do me a favour George—I want you to trail your fingers lightly across your body. Just lightly for now. Don’t touch yourself yet, only your body.”

George followed Dream’s instructions nonverbally, jaw clenching around the fabric in his mouth, hands gliding smoothly up and down his sides, alternating between the backs of his nails and the pads of his fingers. Dream noted that George shivered slightly when his nails scratched over the skin just under his ribs.

“Good boy,” Dream reiterated. “You can apply pressure now. Flatten your palms against your skin, I want you to touch yourself where you like it. Pretend it’s me, my hands covering your ribs and waist.”

Dream paused and inhaled deeply, staving off his climax. He resumed stroking himself slowly, with as much self-restraint as he could muster. It wasn’t exactly made easy when George’s fingers splayed out over his torso and dragged down to rest near the apex of his hips, carefully avoiding contact with his crotch.

“Fuck,” Dream cursed as he accidentally put too much pressure on the underside of his cock, tugging his hand away to gently squeeze the base. “I just want to grab you by your fucking hips, George, until I leave bruises in the shape of my hands. God damn, you’d look good with them.”

He saw George keen pathetically around his shirt, and twist his back into a beautiful arc towards his webcam.

Dream grinned wolfishly. “Oh, you like the sound of that, brat? Want me to bruise you, Georgie? It would be so fucking easy, and you’d look like *mine*, covered in my marks.”

George groaned lewdly, eyebrows pinching and squeezing his eyes shut. His fingers shook slightly where they rested above his hip bones.

George made a muffled noise of encouragement over the headset, and Dream sucked in a breath as he watched slender fingers curl over the other's own waist tightly. Dream wouldn't say it aloud after George's speech earlier, but he was admittedly still a little anxious about saying the wrong thing and screwing up any chances he had with the older man. He sucked in a steadying breath, and carried on.

"Take your pants off." Dream requested.

He deliberated for a moment, then added, "underwear, too, but you keep your damn hands to yourself."

Dream's requisition elicited a whiny protest from the brunet, who grunted in frustration, dropping the hem of his shirt from his mouth.

"Fuck, Dream." George said, clearly annoyed, but got to work undoing the knot of his shorts anyway.

"I know, you poor baby." Dream scoffed. "Almost, not yet. Be fucking patient."

George pursed his lips, but continued tugging off his clothes. When George's cock sprang free of its confinements, flushed and hard, Dream couldn't help but wet his lips and stare unabashedly.

Fuck, he wanted to taste George, so bad. Fuck the goddamn ocean that sat between them. It was really fucking annoying.

Dream's internal lament was interrupted by movement from his screen. He looked up to see George leaning forward and pulling his legs up onto the chair, folding them underneath himself so that he was somewhat sitting on his haunches, thighs pressed into the armrests. The action caused his shirt to catch on his leaking tip, and Dream scowled at the obstruction, while George only squirmed impatiently.

Hastily, before Dream's sharp tongue could cut in, the brunet stuffed the bottom of his shirt back in his mouth, re-wetting the edges.

Hesitantly, almost shyly, the brunet locked his gaze directly with the camera, hands finding their way back to his body, covering stomach and sternum, and Dream's mind nearly blanked. With a great deal of effort, he yanked his hand off of his dick and took several deep breaths in order to stabilise himself.

"Oh *fuck*, George. Jesus Christ— Can I... can I take a picture?" Dream implored, fingers hovering over his keyboard.

George paused for a moment, then nodded, spit having formed a dark stain around the fabric between his teeth.

Dream didn't hesitate to jam his index fingers into the Windows and PrtScn keys. God, Dream could already tell that one was going to be used a lot. As quickly as he could without diverting attention away from George for too long, Dream leaned back in his chair and pulled open the second drawer of his desk, sifting around for the small bottle of lube he'd lazily left in there a couple weeks ago. He returned to his previous position, centred in his chair and hungrily staring down the semi-naked image of George on his screen, who had his hands back to being clenched around his waist, gripping the flesh roughly.

Dream took another screen capture, then unbuckled his pants and hooked his thumbs past his boxers, shoving both items of clothing down his thighs out of the way. His cock bobbed as it pulled out of its restrictive covering, and Dream grabbed it with a sturdy fist, expending a great deal of willpower to not simply jack himself off right there.

Faintly, he heard soft panting over the line, and watched George's expression curl erogenously with thin restraint, breathing through his nose to keep his mouth gagged. Dream yanked his arm a little with the forward movement to collect another screenshot.

"You good, George?" Dream inquired mellowly, trying to keep his voice even, loosening his grip on his cock to swipe his thumb over the head absentmindedly.

He shivered, at the same time George let out a strangled groan, and Dream could see his nails digging into the delicate skin of his pelvis.

“Sorry—I know. Take— you can take your shirt off now. I need your mouth free.” Dream explained.

George offered a short grunt, and immediately his hands flew up to the hem, pulling it from his mouth and yanking the article aggressively over his head. He muttered something like a *fucking finally*, before tossing it away. Thin hands settled back over his hips and he made direct, hooded eye contact with his webcam.

“Are you going to turn your camera on, or what?” The brunet snarked, thighs flexing as he readjusted.

Dream pretended to hum thoughtfully, leaning back in his chair, fist gradually resuming its steady pace around his cock. “I thought you were finally going to stop being a brat, but you really just went and ruined that. Don’t know if I should anymore.”

George made a strangled groan that could have been aroused or exasperated.

“Dream, come on,” he protested.

“I could be persuaded.” Dream offered ambiguously.

George scowled. “Don’t make me say it.”

Dream snorted. “Say what? *Please*? It’s not that hard.”

There was a muffled sound through his headset, and Dream saw George glance away, then, softly: “...please?”

A satisfied smile crept across Dream’s face. “No,” he finished cuttingly.

Maybe he was being a bit cruel, but George had dared him to be assertive, and he wasn’t willing to back down. He had already decided that he would make George work for any kind of reward, and his mind was made up about how lenient he was going to be. Or not, more accurately.

“What?” George croaked, clearly thrown, and Dream almost felt bad at how betrayed he looked, but surged on anyway.

“Put two fingers in your mouth.” He commanded.

George hesitated, then meekly obliged, unsurety framing his expression. He raised his left hand to his mouth, pushing his index and middle fingers past his lips, sliding them along his tongue. Dream softly grunted in appreciation at the sight, and George quietly moaned around his digits.

“Good boy, George.” Dream crooned, just barely speeding up his own ministrations. Then, “do you have lube?”

The fingers still splayed across George’s stomach tightened minutely, digging into the skin. He nodded, string of saliva running down his chin.

“Go and get it.”

Slowly, George did as he was asked and moved to stand. Dream noticed with dull satisfaction when George attempted to leave his fingers in his mouth, but graciously decided not to comment when the other inevitably had to pull his hand away for balance. He moved out of frame for a moment, returning with a small bottle in his hand. The brunet set it aside while he resettled himself in his chair and wordlessly slipped his fingers back into his mouth.

Dream hummed, thumbing the slit of his dick, then immediately pulling back. He repeated it a few times, allowing ample pauses in between.

“Your fingers nice and wet now?” Dream questioned, lilting voice sounding slightly ragged, even to his own ears.

George nodded, a little restricted thanks to the obtusion in his mouth.

“Okay—” he sucked in a breath when he accidentally brought himself dangerously close to overstimulation. “Fuck, okay, good. Bet you think I’m gonna ask you to finger yourself now. Do you?”

A short noise of affirmation, overlapped with an underlying query.

“Not yet. I want you to close your eyes, you can take your fingers out of your mouth. Bring them to your chest. Touch yourself, pretend it’s me for a moment, my tongue.”

George’s eyes sank shut as he let out a groan, slipping his digits from his mouth and dragging them across his chest in a languid trajectory towards his nipple. A messy line of spit followed the action and broke belatedly, clinging to George’s alabaster skin.

Dream shakily took his hands away from his groin and hit *print screen* again. A loud whine tore from George, disrupting Dream’s movements.

“It’s not enough, Dream,” George impressed, and it carried an edge of genuine distress that made Dream’s heart palpitate strenuously in his chest.

“Fuck, I know, I want to be there with you so bad, George,” Dream dropped his head back on his headrest, his eyes falling shut. Faintly, Dream could hear George’s breathing pick up, and knew that he was hanging onto every epochal word that Dream relinquished.

“Even through a fucking computer I can see that your body looks so small, and I fucking love it. I want to hold you down by your wrists, your waist, by your fucking *neck*, George—” George keened loudly, wrists flexing shakily. “—I want to see bruises in the shape of my hands across every inch of your skin. I *need* everyone to know you’re *mine*.”

Dream bit his tongue. The unspoken words, *you always have been, haven’t you, George?* funnelled subduedly to the tip of his tongue, but he didn’t say them.

George gasped, the faint sound spilling into Dream’s ear like smoke.

“*Dream.*”

At the breathless sound of his name being called, Dream lifted his head from the chair to regard George again. “Hm?”

The slick fingers of George's left hand pulled down his chest, smearing glistening spit across his body. He looked like an absolute mess, and Dream craved it, loved that it was for *him*. He reached out to save the screenshot, and leaned back in his chair, collecting the bottle of lube in his palm in the same movement. The cap clicked open, and Dream squeezed a copious amount into his right hand, promptly resuming the fist around his cock. He sighed deeply, and pumped up and down his shaft with more care than before, conscious of his elevated sensitivity. A sharp keen pulled out of George, and Dream could just make out the pixelated action of the older man hooking his canine over his bottom lip, biting down on the plush skin.

"Please, Dream, you've had your fucking fun already. Let me touch myself." George wagered, the underlying tone of which was toeing on begging not lost on Dream, despite how he was clearly trying to act callous.

The blond deliberated for a tense moment, then impulsively concluded that, by that point, he might as well turn on his camera. He dropped the lube onto his desk and reached forward with his clean hand. Deftly, he switched on the hardware and directed his cursor across his screen, allowing his camera to connect with his Discord call. His monitor flashed, and suddenly Dream's own appearance reflected back at him in the corner of his screen. George reacted immediately, eyes widening minutely, but he tried to hide it by schooling his features. He couldn't will away his traitorous blush however, which Dream mused had virtually grown to be a stain on his cheeks.

Dream angled his camera until he could fit both his face and lap in frame like he'd had George do, nudging his chair backwards until the image looked right on his screen.

With a deep inhale, he lazily stroked his cock, watching George's eyes follow the movement.

"Reach down and grip the insides of your thighs, I want one more photo of you like this. So fucking attractive, George." Dream leered, not allowing George the opportunity to get a word in edgewise.

George rolled his eyes crankily, but his face deepened a harsher red, and he complied, back arching to accommodate the languid pull of his outstretched arms. Dream stared hard at the distinguishing paleness of George's legs, flesh turning bleach-white around the tips of his fingers. He hastily captured the picture and sunk back into his chair.

"So good," Dream breathed, mostly to himself, wrist stuttering.

George glanced to the side, uncertainty in his body language, his hands not even twitching where they bunched the delicate skin of his inner thighs.

“May I...?” He asked quietly.

Dream leaned forward again, left arm hanging loosely off his armrest, while his right hand slipped to the base of his cock and stayed there.

“Hm? What do you need, baby?” Dream hummed, voice low and remarkably clear despite his cloudy head. Any remnants of his early-morning lilt would need to be consciously emphasised by that point.

George’s breath stuttered tantalisingly, the following exhale drawn out into a sultry groan as his head fell back against the seat, and Dream realised what he had said. *Baby*.

“Sorry— is that okay?”

For a hasty moment, Dream noticed his facade slip, and he tried to force the stammer away from his voice, “I know you don’t normally like—”

“*Dream*, for fuck’s sake it’s *fine*, please get on with it, idiot. *Please*.” George grouched, clearly frustrated, and Dream’s eyelids fluttered.

George sounds damn fucking good when he begs, Dream thought to himself agreeably. His mind seemed long since incapable of escaping the dark shroud that George’s desperate voice was mercilessly beckoning it further into.

“Dream—” George began, again with that whiny tone.

“That’s enough,” Dream cut in, voice steely, then collected himself.

“Oh George,” he scorned, mellow and sweet, “you’ve been such a *pest*. I really don’t think you deserve it, if I’m being completely honest.”

“S-sorry—”

“I wasn’t finished.” He snapped. “*But*, I was going to say, it’s not like I can actually do anything to stop you. I’m halfway across the fucking planet.” Dream ground out, and paused as he briefly reminisced on that awful reality.

Dream saw George open his mouth at that, fingers repeatedly clenching in their iron grip.

“Besides,” he continued, before George could collect his thoughts, “I have trouble saying no to you.”

Something like hope flashed across George’s features, and he tilted his head in a way that made Dream ache.

“So I can...?” The brunet meekly lifted a hand from his thigh, gesturing vaguely. Heat cramped in Dream’s chest, and he stared back intently. A small smile crept across his face.

“Get your lube. Use plenty, baby. I want to hear those filthy sounds when you’re jerking yourself off.”

George nodded affirmatively, eyes cloudy as they flicked up to his camera, and he uncapped the bottle of lube, pouring some out onto his awaiting palm. Dream dragged his eyes away from George’s face—specifically the teeth the brunet had around his bottom lip—and focused his gaze on the other’s hands.

George obeyed him easily, slick hand dragging up and down his shaft slowly to apply the aid evenly. A long, breathless sigh escaped George, his spine arcing along with the movement of his fingers, curled languidly around his cock. Dream eyed him greedily, wondering if he’d ever have enough of seeing George like this. He did his best to commit every inch of skin to memory, conscious of the fact that despite George’s enthusiastic consent, that didn’t promise any kind of regularity. It didn’t mean things would suddenly be different for them.

George moaned quietly, and Dream caught the slight tremor that ran through his wrist as it worked his cock.

“George.” Dream called softly.

George’s eyes blinked open hazily, and Dream decided that he loved that expression donned on the other. He wanted it all the time. He hummed appreciatively, gently pulling his hand up his shaft to close his loose fist over the head.

“I know you want to keep going, but you can’t cum yet.” Dream explained tonically. “Here’s the deal; you can do whatever you want to yourself, but you have to wait for me, yeah? Sound okay, George?”

George let out a soft, strangled sound that caught in his throat, but he didn't argue back. Dream saw the way he shivered faintly, though from chill or restraint, Dream couldn't tell. He settled back in his chair again and dropped his hand down the length of his dick, easing an unhurried pace for himself, carefully avoiding areas of high sensitivity while he waited for George’s reciprocative move. The brunet inhaled deeply, tongue darting out to wet his lips. Slowly, like he was wary of disobeying the other, George settled firmly on his haunches and tipped his knees forward, accentuating the lines of his body to the camera. His left hand gingerly stroked up and down his dick with an increasing amount of confidence.

“Fuck, feels so good,” George exhaled past his teeth noisily, pushing his head further into the leather of his chair.

Dream slipped his fingers down over his balls and stared at the long column of George’s neck, aching with the persistent desire to kiss and suck at the skin. He dragged his gaze down the planes of George’s chest and sternum, tracing a thumb along the topside of his shaft, imagining he were doing it to each one of George’s ribs instead. And finally, he pressed the knuckle of his forefinger into the sensitive area under his head, eyes lustfully trailing over George’s flat stomach, the gentle slope of his sides, and the taut silhouette of his spread thighs that formed a ruddy apex at his hips, pulling Dream’s attention solely back to the explicit image of George’s slender fingers around his flushed, hard cock.

Small sounds were tumbling out of George at every other interval, and Dream hurried his pace around his dick, abandoning careful intent in favour of fast and consistent stimulation. A low groan pulled out of him unexpectedly, and George’s eyes mistily opened to follow the sound.

“Dream,” he breathed, non-dominant hand venturing down to fondle his balls.

“Oh fuck.” Dream swore, shudders running down his arms and back interrupting the integrity of his tugs. “George, fuck,”

George grunted breathily in response, slowing down briefly to readjust in his seat.

“*Fuck*. Don’t cum yet, don’t you dare fucking cum yet,” Dream threatened, feeling the fog in his mind thicken unsolicitedly.

George whimpered and lowered his heels, feet sliding to the front of his chair listlessly until his tailbone connected with the plush seat, and his now-raised knees fell open against the armrests.

The shift had given Dream ample view of everything from the tip of George’s cock to the barest hint of his darkened hole from between his cheeks, and Dream drank it in as though he were starving. The thought of seeing George’s fingers slipping in and out of himself while the man panted and cried beautifully was almost enough to make Dream’s mind go entirely blank.

“Fuck Georgie, you’re so pretty,” Dream began, voice breaking as a subdued, but gratifying jolt tingled up his spine. “I wish I could touch you. I want to be there so bad.”

George was breathing heavily, and it took a moment or two for Dream’s words to register.

“I know,” George breathed, nearly a whisper. “M-Me too. Wish– wish you were here.”

Dream fucked into his fist faster, squeezing his eyes shut against the onslaught of pleasure.

“God– fuck, I want my fingers inside you. I w-want to make you beg and writhe on them,” he paused, inhaling shakily, feeling a telltale pool of heat in his gut. “*Ah–* I’d pull you apart and deny your orgasm every time, putting you right there on that edge until you–*fuck—*” both he and George groan at the same time, George uttering breathy mutters of *yes* and *keep going*. “—Until You can’t stand it any longer... When you’re begging and crying for me, then I’ll finally give you my cock.”

George had his back curved into an aggressive arch, his beautiful body stretched and bared for *Dream*, and no one else *but Dream*. The hand that was playing with the spot behind his balls slipped down further, and Dream watched breathlessly as George pushed a slick finger in his hole, punctuated by a gasp, and followed closely by a second. The sight pulled a moan out of Dream unexpectedly.

“Ohh fuck, George. I’m so close,” Dream gritted against the mounting pleasure that stacked in his groin. “I’d fuck you long and hard,” he paused again to catch his breath, “fuck you so good you wouldn’t be able to fucking *sit down* without remembering what I did to you. I’d be so good to you Georgie, that you would never want anyone else’s dick again—you’d be *mine*.”

“Yes, Dream. No one else. Just y-you, *yours*.” George whined, loud and long, fingers working himself faster. He cried out as they brushed over his prostate. “*Please* Dream, let me cum. *Please!*”

Somewhere distantly, Dream wished he could take a picture of George like this—not through discord, but with his phone. In the room with him, doing everything Dream had promised. He swiped his thumb over the head of his dick and dragged his knuckle across his glans on every upwards movement, until all of a sudden Dream had no way to stop his climax as it swept through him. It was a searing heat that engulfed him completely, for a few moments that simultaneously lasted a year. Sticky cum spilled down his fingers and smeared across the skin between his cock and his fist, and a sinful groan dragged out the remainder of his high. Panting, Dream blinked open his eyes against the comedown blariness as quickly as possible, wanting to take in as much of George as he could. Despite having just cum, Dream knew that he would want to see George’s face when he eventually came. He let his fist go limp against his thigh, away from his spent dick.

George was still pistoning two fingers inside himself, and had sped up his ministrations around his cock. Now that Dream’s mind was starting to clear, he better noticed the volume of George’s moans, and the heavy panting that accentuated each pull on his dick. He could just make out the slick sounds of skin sliding against skin, too, and if he hadn’t just cum, it would have been a major turn-on.

George’s cries pitched, and Dream thought he saw a wet track down his cheek shimmer in the light.

“Dream, *please!* Please let me cum!”

The brunet was clearly struggling to keep himself from accidentally climaxing, and Dream’s chest constricted with adoration. He’d toyed with George more than enough already, and yet he was still adamant on waiting for permission. *Fuck*.

“Cum, baby. You’re so perfect George. You’ve done so well for me. Cum for me,” Dream crooned, and was incredibly glad for the fact that George was too wrapped up in his pleasure to focus on Dream’s face, because he thought he was probably doing a really shit job at keeping the hearts out of his eyes.

At Dream's praise, George instantly threw his head back against the headrest and loudly moaned as white streaks of cum splashed onto his stomach and thumb. His eyes remained loosely shut against the waves of his own orgasm, face scrunched in an expression of intense pleasure. Dream soaked it up, committed as much as he possibly could to his memory. Go fucking figure George looked stunning when he came, because of course everyone's token pretty streamer would.

As they both came down from their highs, Dream a little further along than George, panting heavily in the quiet, Dream wondered who would be the first to speak. He knew he should say something, but he wasn't quite ready just yet, so he busied himself with grabbing a few tissues to clean himself up.

From the corner of his eye he saw George close his legs and drop them to one side, eyes still half-lidded.

Unable to stall any longer, Dream allowed himself a few moments to take George's endearing complacency in, before clearing his throat softly.

"You, uh," he started, and realised he didn't have a plan. "You feeling alright, George?" Was what he settled with, voice soothing when his physical presence otherwise couldn't be.

George could only glance at him briefly before burying his face in his hands. Dream smiled to himself. He had mostly already been expecting George to act shy once clarity hit him. So long as he wasn't regretting it, Dream knew how to coax the other man through his feelings. That was something he had practice in.

"Is that a yes?" He prompted again, lilt soft.

George nodded his head. Quietly, "I just can't believe we did that."

Dream chuckled. "Why?"

Slowly, as though tentative, George lowered his hands from his features, but kept his fingers touching along the bottom of his jaw. He still had trouble meeting the image of Dream on his monitor screen for too long. He shrugged one shoulder jerkily.

"I just... can't believe all I had to do was mis-send a Snapchat to you of your stupid morning

voice.”

A wheeze squeezed the air out of Dream, and he tried to put a cap on his laughter in order to maintain the delicate clandestinity of the intimate moment. It sort of worked, but the sound caused George to finally drag his eyes over to Dream’s image; a small, delighted smile taking up residence on the brunet’s face. Dream wasn’t complaining.

“To be fair, it wasn’t that that did it.”

“I know, it’s your stupid hardheadedness and inability to let things go.”

Another abrupt wheeze tumbled out of Dream, ending in an incredulous giggle. “You called it *hot!* As if I was going to just let that go.”

George rolled his eyes, but it looked like he was having the same trouble Dream was with fending off his smile.

“Whatever. You’re dumb.”

“Oh yeah? And you’re cute.” Dream retaliated, which was perfectly fair play in his opinion.

“Oh my god. Stop.”

“Why not? Stop being cute and I’ll stop.” He teased, and his heart felt ten sizes bigger in his chest.

George just shook his head and pursed his lips in a vain attempt to stop openly reacting. It had little effect, and his cheeks pinked with the effort, and Dream had to stop himself from sighing contentedly.

“Whatever, Dream.”

Dream chuckled, unable to take his eyes off George’s face. He realised what he still needed to ask, and steeled himself. “Did I ever... go too far? You can tell me.” He said honestly.

George's expression softened and he blinked sleepily. "Dream, I said I'd tell you to stop and I meant it. I never *once* asked you to stop."

Dream breathed in deeply and closed his eyes. He could still picture every detail of George's sex-ridden face on the back of his eyelids. He blinked them open sluggishly.

"I just wanted to make sure. We probably didn't do this in the best way. I could have been more open about what I was going to do, considering— we've never done anything like that before." Dream admitted, red-faced, and a little guilty. In his eyes, it was somewhat true, though.

George did not appear to share this sentiment. He just shook his head earnestly.

"No, Dream, you're—" he sighed and started again. "Dream. I don't... trust other people easily. I don't connect with people, the way I have with you, easily. And you know this." He added quietly.

Dream opened his mouth to speak, but George shook his head again, cutting him off.

"No, let me finish. I trust you Dream. With everything. I can't think of a single other person I can say that about." He swallowed and chewed his lip nervously. "I'm trying to tell you that... that it's okay, because... because it's *you*. I love you." George smiled crookedly. "And to be fair, we know one another so well by this point that we can practically read each other's minds. I don't doubt that if I was genuinely uncomfortable, you'd have picked up on it, idiot."

Dream reeled. George was looking at him so fondly, so full of love, that it shocked him to his very core, and crackling warmth bled out of his heart, down his limbs and veins, to the tiny capillaries in his extremities.

"George..." he started, but he didn't know why he said it, or what he could say next to carry on their conversation in a way that would even remotely hold a candle to George's sincerity.

Instead, he settled on what he knew.

"I love you."

George grinned, inching further into the safety of his hands. Softly, “I know, dumbass.”

“No, I... I *love* you. I really love you. You’re right. There’s no one else. You’re that person for me too, George.”

It felt dangerously like a confession, but then again, so had George’s divulgence. Dream held onto George’s reaction with bated breath, but nothing happened. Realisation didn’t catch in his eyes, his jaw didn’t drop, and his features retained the same amounts of indifference that they were already expressing. Dream felt his heart sink. The small flame of confidence he had been nursing was snuffed out. He suddenly felt as though he didn’t have the courage to *make* George understand. Dream ludicrously realised that today seemed to have had a recurring issue of the pair dropping bizarre truths, and then leaving them without any clarification—to remain ambiguous.

Dream watched the corners of the other’s eyes crinkle, and wished he could clearly see the wide smile he knew George was hiding behind his fingers. He instead settled his gaze on the brunet’s cheeks, dusted with ruddy rose.

Carefully, like he was worried of disturbing the moment, George pulled his hands away from his face.

“I wouldn’t mind if we could do it again.”

Dream’s heart felt as though it had simultaneously dropped like one’s stomach did on rollercoasters, and soared high above the clouds. He could barely bring himself to speak any louder than a hushed murmur, “Yeah?”

“Yeah.” George’s answer was more definite.

Dream knew it was a bad idea to indulge in such a game that would demand high output with little emotional reward, but he was only a man, and he really, *really* wanted this other man. *So*, he concluded, *surely that counts for something?*

“I’d... like that, too.” Dream imparted, then it was his turn to drag a hand down his face, covering his pink cheeks. “It was really fucking great, I’m not gonna lie. George, I know I’m kinda biased ‘cause you’re my best friend, but damn, you’re fucking hot when you’re jacking off, did you know that?”

Dream stared shamelessly, forcibly willing his confidence to have a comeback. It seemed to tip the scales that the basis of their entire back-and-forth relationship existed on, and George stumbled a bit, face turning bright red.

“Oh my god, you have no tact. None.” He stuttered slightly, eyes darting away subserviently.

“You love it when I praise you, Georgie, don’t think I don’t know that,” Dream grinned. “I’m telling you,” he continued, “you looked hot as fuck. I wasn’t kidding when I said I want to get my hands all over you. I wish I could be there.” He somehow impressively smothered the wistful sigh that threatened to escape.

“My god,” George repeated, clearly flustered. “You weren’t so bad yourself— oh fuck, I didn’t even get to *see* you when you came, I was too busy being— that’s not *fair*.”

Dream interrupted him with a loud bout of laughter, knocking a fist on his desk. “George! How can you say that *I* have no tact?” His words were half heartedly followed up with *you’re such an idiot*, but it was predominantly drowned in between Dream’s uncontrollable laughing.

“You saw *me*! That is not fair.”

“G—*hh*—eorge! It doesn’t *matter*!” He wheezed raucously. Of course George would try and turn sex into a competitive event.

Such a dumbass, Dream thought affectionately.

“Whatever.” George replied flippantly, somehow thinking he could sell the ‘aloof’ act while completely naked and covered in sweat and lube. Dream thought he just looked ridiculous, and absolutely not endearing at all.

“You know what I think you should do?” George asked, absentmindedly drumming his fingers on his desk.

“What’s that?”

He paused, pretending to be pensive. “You should buy a plane ticket right now and come see me.”

Dream huffed a surprised laugh, smiling widely at the obvious response.

“No, you come here.”

A strangled noise tore from the brunet.

“What, why? You come *here*.” He sounded like a petulant toddler that wasn’t used to being told no, but Dream decided not to point it out.

“I have a house.”

“What?” George squawked. “How loud do you think we’re going to be?”

“Well... I know how loud I’d like to *make* you be.”

George immediately recoiled from embarrassment, shoving his face stubbornly into his hands again. Christ, that was beginning to do irreversible damage to Dream’s heart. He heard a muffled *oh my god*, then reached forward over his desk to navigate to a new window on Chrome, chuckling blithely.

“I’m buying you a plane ticket.” He stated, already pulling up and sorting through available flights.

Silence.

“You’re not.” Dream saw George shift in his seat from the corner of his eye.

“I am,” he confirmed. “What’s the wait time like for B-2 interviews? Is a month enough? Surely a month is enough.”

“Oh my god, Dream. Calm down.”

Dream barrelled on, oblivious. “I think that’s enough.”

“Dream. You are not buying me a plane ticket.” George said, looking stern.

“No. I *bought* you a plane ticket.”

Dream heard a thud come from the other man’s microphone and glanced over to see George wearing an expression of disbelief, elbows resting on the desk where they propped up his head.

“Dream,” he started, but he was smiling impossibly wide despite his clear efforts not to. “Stop spending money on me. Let me pay for it.”

Dream made an affronted noise. “Don’t you dare. You can pay me back by getting a visa. I booked your flight for a month from now, on the 27th. You better be there.”

George sighed, exasperated. He clearly understood that he wouldn’t win this battle. “Fine. Text me the details. You’re such— you’re an idiot.” He mumbled, lips pursed in that funny way he did when he didn’t want to smile.

“Doesn’t matter, you already said you love me.” Dream crooned, preening.

They half-bickered, half-talked back and forth for almost two hours, until they both ended up switching to their phones so that they could get up and quickly take their respective showers, that had been getting a little overdue since the half-hour mark. Dream convinced George to leave his phone on the basin while they washed off, which ensued a lot of laughing and unintelligible shouting over the sound of running water from both parties.

Then, because they could, and because neither had really wanted to be away from the other just yet, they remained on call for another five hours, George vocally helping Dream to make toasted egg sandwiches for lunch.

When Dream finally retreated to his bedroom that night, his and George's call remained on his mind as he tried to fall asleep—specifically, the flight set to arrive in Orlando at 7:50 AM, on Tuesday the 28th of next month.

Chapter End Notes

Ah yes, the “lucky theres lube right here in this drawer so I don’t have to get up!” trope, my fucking favourite.

God I get like this post-writing clarity, when I finally take a step back from what I’ve written and think: “god, what the fuck was that??”

I hate that I take writing these people so seriously lmao. Once again, this comes down if their stance on explicit ff changes.

(Oh and also!! Not super important but I’m moving out in a couple weeks and I’m really excited! In theory I will have more time to write and I’m hhhh really looking forward to it <3)

Friendly reminder that dnf prompts and requests are always welcome, too, just not guaranteed. :>

Come find me on [twitter](#) :)

Threshold

Chapter Summary

George arrives in Florida, and Dream feels himself teetering on an invisible perimeter.

Chapter Notes

First of all: hello!

Second of all, yes that now says 2/3!

Lastly, I really do apologise for the 3 month wait. That was not my intention. I recently moved out, which has given me much more freedom, but my ocd and adhd have been driving me nuts since I changed the environment I live in. I don't intend to make this sound like an excuse—just a reason, because I owe you guys. :) (no negative connotations there btw, just my honest thoughts!)

I'm a little nervous posting this because I'm worried I won't meet the standards people are expecting, but I really do hope you enjoy it. Next chapter is 90% done, and will have it uploaded in about a week or so. :) thank you so much for the continued support, it honestly makes me so unbelievably overwhelmed (in a really, really GOOD way) and I appreciate it so much<3

Enjoy! Thanks so so much!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's life could easily be summarised into two eras: before he made George cum, and after he made George cum.

Currently, he was forcing Sapnap to deal with the damage control that he grossly failed to foresee when he was too busy staring at the shape of George's lips while he moaned. And by "deal with it", he meant Sapnap had coerced him into a game of Skywars while they talked, because neither was too keen on sitting in silence while the topic of *So, I made our best friend orgasm! Fuck he's attractive!* lingered in the air.

Dream watched as his character was bowed into the void by an opposing player. He ground the heel of his palm into his temple with an exhausted groan. Over his headset, Sapnap offered another soft noise of protest. Sapnap, to his credit, was doing a lot better than Dream.

“Dude, pull yourself together.”

“I *know*,” Dream bemoaned, immediately wincing as the exaggerated volume reached his own ears. He stared at the Skywars death screen, unwilling to restart another game for them just yet. He was about to take in another lungful of air and dispel it into more useless whining, but Sapnap swiftly interrupted him.

“Why are you like this? I’m seriously not understanding the problem here. It’s just George. *You* bought his plane ticket.” He sounded tired, and Dream felt incredibly guilty.

“Yeah, but George and I hadn’t exactly had a sexual relationship until just a few weeks ago.” Dream countered.

It wasn’t necessarily the only problem. Calling it an oversized problem for Dream was a major understatement, sure, but it still wasn’t the only one—and because Dream apparently just *thrived* off the thrill of complicating his relationships to a semi-concerning degree, Sapnap didn’t know that.

From his perspective, Dream was just being weird about meeting up with George in person for the first time, most likely because it was decided on a whim after the development of the newest facet in their relationship. Which wasn’t a lie, that still held completely true, but Dream, for some cowardly reason, had never let Sapnap in on the fact that he also harboured some unfortunately serious, less-than-platonic feelings towards George. Suggesting they call today was supposed to be for Dream to finally pluck up the courage and belatedly confide that minor detail with Sapnap, but so far, he was doing a really shit job. Now Sapnap just thought he was an idiot, or something.

Dream swallowed some more choking guilt as it rose in his throat. It seemed he had a surplus today.

Sapnap fake-gagged across the call.

“God, I’ll say it again for the last time, I simply *do not* want to know, dude.” He fretted, and Dream huffed with airy laughter as he imagined Sapnap shaking his head in supreme disappointment. “You and George have always had your weird little ‘not-a-relationship’ *thing* going on for as long as I can remember, and I’ve known you two for a long ass time. I am the least surprised person regarding this development. You’ve never *not* been able to sort things out between you two, you know? I’m being serious—I guess I just don’t get what’s so different this time.”

Sapnap paused, but Dream could tell he was just thinking of what to say next.

“What’s the issue if you— ugh— *bought* him a plane ticket specifically so you two could... mess around, or whatever?” The call went silent, and, like an afterthought, Sapnap quietly tacked on: “Man, you two really do have a fucking weird relationship.”

Finally dropping his hand, Dream leaned back in his chair thoughtfully, staring at his screen through lidded eyes.

“I don’t know. It’s not just that, he’s my best friend and I love him—” Dream swallowed roughly, “—and we may have been a little more straightforward with each other about our relationship than most people, but nothing like this has ever come out of it before, you know? And it *has* been years,” he emphasised, feeling terrible for once again skirting the whole truth, but trying desperately to get Sapnap to understand how much of a deal this was for him—and, probably, George. Some lesser part of him secretly thought that maybe if he sounded convincing enough, Sapnap wouldn’t suspect that Dream’s internalised conflict ran deeper.

He gripped his leg harshly, overwhelmed by his web of white lies that he was spinning around Sapnap, of all people. He ruefully wished he could undo this conversation. For someone so predisposed to emotional turbulence, he wondered how he got so shit at talking about his feelings.

Sapnap hummed pointedly, blind to Dream’s nauseating guilt. “Don’t act like this suddenness isn’t entirely on you and George, though. You knew what to expect when you skipped like five steps in your relationship.” He cautioned.

Dream snorted humorously, but it was thinly veiled. “Don’t say it like that—like— like there *is* any relationship.”

He could clearly hear the way his own tone had picked up in self-defence, but if Sapnap noticed, he was unreadable to Dream.

“Dream... come on, dude.” There was a squeak of Sapnap’s chair, and Dream assumed he was leaning back in it.

Dream remained silent. *Fuck, shit, abort.*

“I know it’s probably a lot to unpack all at once, like, mentally, and dopamine is some *wack* good shit that fucks with like every fuckin’ neuron in your brain, but I *know* you both knew what you were starting. Maybe you chose to ignore it, but you can’t tell me you didn’t at least know.”

Sapnap paused to give Dream time to process that information, which he appreciated. He geared up to respond, but his unorganised, mess of a brain was trivially outmatched by Sapnap’s.

“Seriously dude,” Sapnap impressed, “just— have George over, experience all of that real-life bonding and shit—rail him, I don’t know—then he’ll leave, and if you’re honestly still whining to me by then, I’ll truly have nothing, dude.”

Dream snorted and shoved his face into his hands, feeling a grin press into his palms as his elbows dug painfully into the hard face of his desk. Sapnap had an impeccable knack for making Dream laugh, even when Dream himself didn’t think he would.

“I thought you didn’t want to talk about the ‘screwing part’. Where’s your tact gone?” Dream muttered, amused despite himself.

Sapnap huffed. “I don’t. What the fuck do you wanna do this shit to him for? Rhetorical question.”

Grinning, Dream laughed again. ““Do this shit”? Now what? I thought you’d finally stopped treating sex with the diligence of a fourteen-year-old.”

That elicited a strangled noise of adumance from Sapnap.

“Shut up, this is weird for me. You know he’s *my* best friend too, right? I just don’t want to fucking *root* him. I’m still trying to wrap my head around the idea of *anyone* wanting to root him.” Sapnap enunciated defensively.

Dream wheezed. “I’m telling him you said that.”

“Oh *do it*, he would say the same about me.”

“Yeah, but he’d have the decency to say it *to* you.” Dream pointed out.

Sapnap’s stubborn composure finally broke, and he cackled loudly. “Okay, fair.”

A buzz from Dream’s phone brought his attention down to the device sitting face-up on his desk.

TWITTER

GeorgeNootFound Tweeted:

@quackity4k this u? <https://t.co/ZodfwGw8q>

A subdued wave of apprehension itched at his nerves as the appearance of George’s name sprawled cheerfully across his screen. He twisted his wrist in a repetitive, jerky motion, brain subconsciously searching for any way to redirect his jitters.

“...Dream? You still with me, man?”

Dream distantly registered Sapnap’s voice as it drifted to him through the fizzling of thoughts in his head, and forced his energetic hand to sit palm-down on his desk, physically shaking himself to try and disperse the daze from his mind.

“Yeah, dude. Sorry, what did you say? Got distracted.”

“Oh, you mess. I have his notifications on too, you know, dumbass.” Sapnap’s tone tried to be pointed, but Dream thought he sounded a little too fond.

“Whatever. You’re right, anyway. He’s coming over in two days, I kind of have to pull myself together now.”

“Geez, when did you get to be so angsty?” Sapnap jibed, but Dream could tell it was lighthearted. “C’mon, what can we do to make you stop moping and start being more optimistic? Seriously, any amount of positive thinking would be better than where you’re at now. If not for me, then for Gogy.”

Dream suppressed a cringe.

“Why do you have to call him that when we’re not even on stream?” Dream shot back, a crooked smile quirking his mouth. Tentatively, he wondered if he had the conversational skills to redirect the discussion.

Sapnap wasn’t taking the bait, though. “Don’t even try and change the topic, Dream. This is serious. You know what George is like. If he thinks you aren’t one hundred percent on-board with your first ever meet-up, he’s not going to bother either.”

Dream nodded slowly, begrudging, but ultimately resigned to that truth. He stopped, remembering they weren’t on video call.

“I know,” he cleared his throat, ignoring how his voice sounded small, and tried again. “I know. The more I think about it, the worse it gets. I know I’m just over complicating things for myself—I just... can’t help it.” Dream finished, slumping a little as the words squeezed out of him.

He heard Sapnap sigh through his headphones.

“Yeah dude, it’s alright. I get you.” Sapnap paused, and Dream knew that if they were together, he would probably be offering Dream one of his small, comforting smiles. It made Dream feel better, just a bit. “Just... don’t let your thoughts get in the way of you hanging out with your best friend for the first time ever. You’ll regret it so much, dude. That’s all I really have to say, I think. That matters, anyway.”

Dream smiled to himself, appraising the pale green ring as it flickered around Sapnap’s profile picture. “Thank you, Sapnap. I don’t deserve you.”

Dream heard a faint rustling from Sapnap’s side, and a light *tch* accompanied by the other’s soft timbre.

“Shut the fuck up, yes you do. And you’re welcome I guess. Now start another game already, you’re doing shit today, and we’re not stopping until I pwn you.”

Dream rolled his eyes, expression hopeless to the grin it cracked at Sapnap's bold offer of competition.

"*Pwn* me?" Dream mocked lightly, fighting down laughter. "Sometimes you still sound like a fucking highschooler. Trash talk doesn't work on me, dumbass."

"Start a new game then," Sapnap egged, audibly on the verge of laughing, and Dream felt as his mood tipped capriciously from one extreme to another, hyperactivity revving up his focus.

He snarked back at Sapnap, who continued throwing dumb lines at Dream during the entire round, even when he died first. George wasn't brought up once, and though Dream knew that Sapnap's bad sportsmanship was just a way to distract Dream from his thoughts, he appreciated it more than he could put into words when they finally ended their call that night.

From what Dream had experienced, Orlando airport never slept. This was held true, when at 7:48 AM, two minutes before George's flight was estimated to land, he was waiting amongst a crowd of several hundred people, all milling about in the level two baggage claim.

George's last message to him stared openly from his unlocked phone screen.

Yesterday 10:29 PM

George

Okay I'm turning my phone off now. See u in 10 hours.

Dream hastily turned off his phone again and bounced his leg impatiently. Ten hours had seemed like a lot more when Dream was caught in late night loops of absentmindedness, staring at the details for George's flight that he'd saved to his computer. As the final seconds got nearer, Dream spent most evenings leading up to his friend's departure appraising the same minimal lines of information that he knew off by heart, until he could feel the corporeal weight of every factual word sinking into his shoulders with hard-set guarantee. Whether that guarantee was George's

certain materiality in America or the conclusiveness of his reason for stay, Dream wasn't sure. The unknown element of it spun burning trails of ardour; left behind nothing but ashy devastation and overwhelming doubt, until new growth appeared in place of the old, and the cycle could repeat itself. Dream got burned again and again.

He knew these thoughts weren't doing him any good, but somehow, he couldn't get his subconscious brain to stay on the same page.

Dream nervously flipped his phone right-side-up for the seventh time in the past twenty minutes. The clock on his homescreen had barely changed since his last sporadic check, taunting him with exasperated disgruntlement.

He shoved it back into his pocket and stared at the far more discreet time displayed in the corner of the incoming flights screen, misguidedly hoping it to tell him something different. Dream pursed his lips with poorly contained dismay when the minute-indicator showed itself to be two minutes behind.

He was early, he knew this. He'd woken up several times before his alarm (originally set to go off at 6 AM) in a near-unsubduable restless state, until eventually, he'd stopped trying to get back to sleep. His jitters helped get him ready in record timing, and then he was left sitting in his living room with nearly fifty minutes until he had to leave.

Not one for sitting still for very long, Dream hadn't needed much time without something to do before he'd made up his mind and was in his car to start the drive to the airport early.

Upon realising that he was fast approaching Terminal B—where he would only have to wait the exact same amount of time, just in the company of dozens of strangers—he made the last minute decision to stop in at a drive thru near to the airport to pick up a few breakfast-passing items he was confident would meet the George standard. The entire detour had only shaved off about 15 minutes from his overall wait time, but Dream was willing to take what he could.

On the bright side, waiting for so long inevitably allowed for a vacant seat to open up by the baggage claim, so at least Dream was able to sit through most of his boredom.

He dared to look back up at the Arrivals board, and saw that George's flight's status had ticked over to "On Time", and immediately he felt as if his body had been set alight. The empty coffee cup in his hand warped slightly under the pressure of his fist as wide fingers crippled the cardboard.

He was about to meet George. In person, not through a screen, and Dream had never felt so excited and apprehensive for anything in his life.

Through all his positive expectations, anxiety still riddled his stomach, upon the star fact that he still had one major “feelings” issue which left him on the verge of bursting at the mere *notion* of seeing the object of his affection. However, whatever reservations he still had were significantly overridden by the electrifying conception of *I’m seeing George, I’m seeing George* that crashed through his thoughts like roving waves, over and over.

He resisted the urge to get up, knowing George still had to go through immigration and customs, which would most likely take another half an hour. Dream couldn’t have wanted to hit himself more.

Why did I come here so early? He pointlessly berated himself.

With a heavy exhale that accidentally came out more strident to those around him than he intended, Dream sunk back into his chair and knocked his phone against his thigh absently, recalling everything he would need to remember once he finally came into physical contact with George. *Give him his sim, take his bags, offer him something to drink, get him some food. Drive him home.*

Dream bit his lip to stop himself from sighing again and made to mess around on his phone while he waited the final moments before George would come literally crashing into his life. At least he’d had a month’s notice.

Though it was at the cost of his battery life, mindlessly scrolling through his social media made time pass way more easily for Dream. A little *too* mindlessly, maybe, on account for the moment when George’s belated iMessage notification eventually came through, he nearly dropped his phone on the dusty airport floor.

Today 8:12 AM

George

I’m through immigration but the wifi’s shit
Also I’m hungry

Dream had never been so endeared by profanity.

Today 8:12 AM

Dream

GGs for figuring out airport wifi, dipshit
Come to baggage claim, I'm here already

Dream didn't get a reply back, but he figured George was probably prioritising navigation at that point.

Dream watched his phone screen lock and hastily stuffed it back into his pocket, craning his neck up to watch for any indication that passengers from George's flight might be filtering into the area. He finally, though with no little regret, relinquished the seat that had been keeping him sore company for the past hour, and started making his way closer to the carousels, straining to listen for the loudspeaker overhead calling where bags for flight DL4673 were being redistributed.

Despite his towering height, Dream struggled to find his best friend amongst the crowd of people.

He did spy a trash can, however, and with the intent of finally ridding himself of the long-empty coffee cup, switched directions and set his sights on it. He felt a buzz against his leg as he disposed of his rubbish, the cup rebounding hollowly against the inside of the bin. Dream pulled his phone back out as he retraced his steps.

Busy staring at his screen, he didn't notice when the lingering feet of a stranger loomed closer until he was staring past the small device in his hands at a pair of immaculately clean Jordans. They seemingly didn't react to another person walking directly in their way.

In his hand, George's newest message stared up at him.

George

Wait, turn around again, I can see your stupid ass

Slowly, and feeling naggingly like a bit of a moron, Dream dragged his eyes from the person's feet to match the branded apparel with a face, even though the hysterical tugging in his gut told him he already knew who it was.

His gaze landed on familiar soft brown, and his heartbeat tripped over itself. George stared back at him, baring a mirrored flame of soft recognition in his eyes. Something like fondness melted the edges of his features, and Dream felt everything within the confines of his chest cripple tragically. Absolutely nothing could have prepared him for the image of George's face, void of any pixels, and completely untouched by the lens of a camera, looking at Dream like he hadn't seen him for years.

George with his coloured cheeks and pale skin, clear except for the scantest smattering of freckles across the planes of his face.

George, only two feet away instead of five thousand miles.

Just George.

His brain articulated as much.

"George," he narrated smartly, voice a little airy. He begged his southwest tan not to show the faint colour rising to his cheeks.

George withheld a smile, nose scrunching as he stubbornly pretended that he wasn't just as happy to see the other as Dream was.

"Hey loser." George relented, smiling crookedly, and the words instantly threw Dream back to the first text George had ever sent to his number.

Hi loser.

That was all Dream could take before he was desperately tugging his best friend forward and throwing enamoured arms around him in what felt like the most rewarding, yet aching long hug he'd ever given in his life. It was a little awkward to navigate the backpack slung over George's shoulders, but it was so perfect in its spontaneity.

The brunet mumbled something into the fabric of Dream's t-shirt and quickly relented, easily reaching up to coil his arms over Dream's back in return. Dream held him against his body for as long as he dared to get away with.

Some part of his infatuated brain told him that he had never hugged Sapnap like he was embracing George, and he squashed it in the way he only wound his arms tighter and pressed the side of his face further into George's endearingly unkempt hair.

George huffed a laugh and returned the sentiment unbothered, face squished so firmly against Dream's chest that the latter had to loosen his embrace out of worry for George's ability to breathe.

When neither made any effort to pull away to a distance that would be more appropriate for two people who were "just friends", Dream didn't complain, only left his palms lightly gripping the sides of George's shoulders, and ignored the way his breath stuttered at the pressure of small fingers by his waist. George had to crane his neck to look Dream in the eye, and the tilt of Dream's head brought their faces a little too close together, but George was warm, and heartachingly familiar in his arms.

Dream really didn't want to let go.

"I don't want to let go." He verbalised before his mind had caught up.

For once, George didn't scathe him with sarcasm or careful indifference, and his expression held none of the usual aloofness that Dream was accustomed to seeing through his facecam. Though, he supposed, there was almost always an audience during those times.

"It's alright, me neither." George smiled tiredly up at him, and it was then that Dream's rational thinking crashed back to the earth, hitting him over the head with a reality check of blunt-force.

"Oh shoot, your bags." He blurted, letting his arms slip from George's form to glance towards the carousels again, where most people had already extricated their luggage.

He tried not to feel too disappointed when George's hands dropped from his waist and the latter hummed, following Dream's gaze. Besides, he and George theoretically had a lot more touching planned, at least on Dream's tentatively hopeful itinerary. He felt like an idiot for getting carried away during their first physical interaction, so much so that he accidentally ignored George's

exhaustion, despite how incredibly apparent he'd been.

George followed along closely, falling only slightly behind as he recited instructions on where his checked-in luggage was allegedly waiting. When they reached the conveyor belt, Dream felt relief at not having to wait long, as George frantically pointed at his bags, leisurely rounding the loop. Dream rushed forward to pull them off before George had the chance to try, and swatted him away when he half heartedly tried again to take them from Dream.

"C'mon, Georgie, you look dead as fuck, I want to get you back so you can shower and sleep." Dream explained seriously.

George giggled, a little deliriously, but stopped resisting, and noticeably stepped back to give Dream the space to do what he wanted.

"You just want to get me in bed." George replied factually. Not twenty minutes after meeting in person for the first time, and he was already throwing this sort of shit at Dream.

Dream tried to ignore the way his face turned beet red, and expertly kept his eyes trained in front of him.

"You're such an idiot. We're still in public, you know, and you have an extremely recognisable face." Dream tried to point out, but it lacked any real bite.

George shook his head in a listless apology. Dream wondered if he'd even stay awake on the drive home.

"Sorry, I'm just so over flying. I always forget how much I hate it until I'm stuck up there with a whole cabin of strangers for nine hours, eating nothing but bread and sprite." He finished dramatically as they passed through the automatic doors to the parking lot. "Shit it's hot here," George tacked on affrontedly.

Dream couldn't help the incredulous laughter as it rushed out of him. George somehow had his whole heart, and Dream was (maddeningly) charmed by every little thing he did.

"Only bread and sprite? Why didn't you eat anything else?" Dream asked, confused, but still chuckling.

George scoffed dramatically, yet for once his attitude wasn't aimed at Dream.

"Because plane food is so shit, the only good thing I ate at dinner time was the bread roll, and sprite was the only thing I drank, because... well, I dunno, I didn't hear all the options the first time and I was too scared to ask again." George tittered, looking mildly abashed.

Dream was wheezing hard as he unlocked his car once they were in range, making for a vague trajectory towards the boot while George continued with his lament.

"And I slept through breakfast, which is possibly the hardest meal to stuff up, so then I was just fucking pissed off for the rest of the flight. Of course the thirty minutes I *finally* managed to doze off aligned perfectly with the time they served breakfast. I fucking hate planes." He finished, awash with avid irritation, and Dream had no control over the mirth still tumbling out of him thanks to the ridiculousness at which George spewed out complaints about plane food.

"It's not fucking funny, you dumbass." George reprimanded, but he was sporting a wayward grin when Dream glanced to him.

Dream coughed, choking on another wheeze. "Then why are you laughing?" He pointed out playfully.

George just shook his head with a wide smile, looking off to the side and crossing his arms defensively. Dream thought he muttered a testy *whatever* beneath his breath, but he couldn't completely tell.

"If it means anything," Dream supplied. "I got you hotcakes and a bacon and egg meal from McDonalds, but I drank the coffee already. Sorry." He added, a little guilty, despite the unnecessary.

George just shrugged. "Yeah, well, it probably would have been stone fucking cold, so don't worry too much about it."

A surprised laugh made its way out of Dream again. "Uh-huh, your food's probably cold too. I got here way too early. Sorry about that." Dream said sincerely, shutting the boot and ushering George into the passenger seat when he unthinkingly moved towards the driver's side door. The Floridan dropped unceremoniously into the driver's seat and twisted around awkwardly to grab around for

the paper bag of food he'd left alone in the back.

He heard more than he saw George filing into the parallel carseat, the click of a seatbelt announcing clearly in the confined space. Dream's fingers brushed over paper and enclosed around the bag, obnoxiously crinkling the material as he yanked it noisily into the front.

"Oh god," George cried. "Gimme."

Dream snickered as he passed the large bag of food, shifting the gear into neutral and starting the ignition with the calming background noise of George as he tore into the packaging and took a bite out of something.

"Yep," He commented dejectedly, "It's cold." A swallow. "But god it's so fucking good."

An unrelenting grin took over Dream's face as he steered the car out of the car park and back onto the road. It stayed stubbornly plastered to the frame of his besotted expression for a long time.

After Dream had driven them both home, he'd insisted George shower and get dressed in clean clothes.

You'll feel so much better, Dream'd insisted. George agreed airily, still sounding extremely distracted by his tiredness. Dream waited for him to pull out a few spare clothes from his carry-on, and showed him to the bathroom, imparting him with a clean towel and bath mat.

George flusteredly shooed him away when he fussed a little too long, and with the newfound ten minutes of free time to kill, Dream took the opportunity to slip back into the front entry where George's luggage sat. Gradually, he lugged everything to the spare room he'd set up for George, at the end of the hall.

Although the checked-in suitcase was unreasonably heavy, the room sat at the end of the hallway on the first floor, meaning Dream was finished with his self-assigned chore much faster than he'd anticipated—and when Patches found him at the end of the hallway and meowed at him expectantly, he didn't hesitate to beckon her the remainder of the distance over.

The skinny tabby eagerly stepped into his waiting arm, pushing her head against his hand happily.

“Hey, little lady.” Dream greeted.

Patches meowed through a rumbling purr sweetly, demanding attention with her wide, green eyes. Dream let his hands stroke down her back absentmindedly, the live wires that he’d felt buzzing just under his skin from the second he’d woke up quieting to a mellow thrum. For the first time that morning, his mind was contentedly clear.

Dream was brushing behind her cheek when she perked up, twisting around to scrutinise something behind her. A hesitant call echoed down the hallway just as Dream caught on to the muted sound of footsteps on timber flooring, and Patches shied away from his touch to slink under the bed. Dream yelled back, and looked up in time to see George appear next to the doorframe, skin flushed and hair recently washed. His dirty clothes were balled up in his fist.

“Feel better?” Dream inquired as he pushed himself up from the floor. He noticed Patches flee through the doorway the moment George was far enough out of it.

George ran a hand through his hair and exhaled overtly noisily in his usual dramatisation.

“Way better. Just tired still.” He explained, eyes darting to the neatly made bed, and Dream was briefly hung up on the sight of his wet hair, messy and dark against his unbelievably plaster-white skin.

“What were you doing in here?” George asked suddenly, the faint note of suggestion in his tone lifting Dream out of his daze. He blinked. George was watching him with an oddly expectant glint in his eye.

Dream raised an eyebrow coyly at the other. He felt his body step closer of its own accord, drawn endlessly to George like light to a black hole. George didn’t glance away like Dream would have expected, eyes glowing with mirth.

“I was working hard hauling all of *your* stuff in here, dumbass, so you wouldn’t have to.” Dream countered, hooding his eyes challengingly when George refused to move closer.

“My hero, he works so hard for me.” The Brit droned.

“That’s right,” Dream affirmed, not quite brave enough to slip more than another inch forward.

The brunet finally relented with an eye roll, stepping around Dream to his backpack propped up against the bed frame. Dream thought he saw a mild dusting of red on his cheeks as he passed.

“*Thank* you, Dream.” The other touted, just barely sounding honest. Dream quirked up a smile.

“Don’t mention it,” the Floridan chirped as he sauntered unhurriedly towards the door. “You can nap by the way, if you want. Set an alarm so you don’t accidentally start your body’s subconscious bedtime for ten a.m.” He explained amusedly, and even though he realised George probably knew, he pointed it out regardless.

George nodded, rising from his crouched position. “Sure. I’ll probably be hungry by then, too.”

Dream leaned his weight into the doorframe and bobbed his head in acknowledgement. “Alright, I’ll be hanging out in the living room, for when you awake. Come get me.”

“You’ll be waiting for me, huh? My prince.” George flashed a sarcastic grin.

Dream returned it with an eye roll, and pulled the door quietly shut behind him as he walked away.

And if a small, private smile adorned his face as he thought about his best friend, soundly sleeping in the spare room at the end of his own hallway, that was no one’s problem but his.

George had been staying at Dream’s house in Florida for less than two days, and he took it upon himself to remind Dream at every given chance how *‘fucking jetlagged’* he was.

Dream let him complain, knew George would just need to get it out until he adjusted to the time

difference—and he took it all in stride because this was something he was intimately familiar with.

It felt a little stupid and made little sense, but Dream loved dealing with all of George's grouchy behaviour, because to him it was just further irrefutable proof that he was physically *here*, in Florida, in all of his petulant beauty.

Dream had only picked him up from Orlando International Airport the morning prior, but he had already divulged a certain amount of assertion to make sure George was actually recalibrating his body clock, and not trying to sleep through the whole day.

This included keeping him awake until an appropriate hour of the evening the previous night, and taking it upon himself to wake George up at a similarly appropriate hour this morning. George hadn't been thrilled about that at all, but Dream'd got to experience his sleepy voice in person, so it fully justified the means in Dream's opinion. He'd also made it adamantly clear that the first few days would be spent exclusively doing mundane, lazy things; like lounging in the living room and having lunch on Dream's deck if the weather was passive. George had complained about it a little, but Dream was hasty to remind him that they hadn't met up for career purposes, and that they still had plenty of time for Dream to take George out to see whatever parts of Florida he wanted before he left. George suggested they don't announce his presence in the States until after their interlude period, which Dream thought was fairly reasonable.

And all of it was because he was merely expending empathy towards his best friend's wellbeing, absolutely *not* because he just really liked the fact that George himself was currently living out of Dream's spare room.

Mid afternoon on their second day together, Dream was in his laundry refilling Patches' food bowl while George sat in the middle of the living room, trying to coax the tabby closer with an outstretched hand. Dream listened fondly as George softly called her name.

"She probably won't come to you for another day or two." Dream explained as he wandered out of the laundry, brushing his palms on his thighs. "She's pretty shy at first."

George slumped dejectedly and dropped his arm with a sigh. "Alright, well in another few days we're gonna be best friends- and... ditch you."

Dream wheezed. "Sick burn."

You're such an idiot.

George giggled under his breath as he watched Patches retreat to the laundry. "Yeah. Watch your back," he warned, and brought his arms up in a long stretch. "Dream, can I nap? Just for a little bit."

"I'll allow it."

"Thanks so much." George answered flatly.

Dream coughed to clear the chuckle lingering in his throat. "No problem. Set an alarm," he reminded.

George rolled his eyes as he stood up, stretching his legs until his joints cracked. "Alright, one hour. Promise to be down in time for dinner."

"I'll hold you to that," Dream confirmed, smiling softly as he watched George drag his socked feet towards the stairs.

Dream stared after his retreating form as he disappeared up the stairs, feeling a phantom sparkler burn warmly in his chest.

This is hopeless, he thought, as magnesium fuel burnt out.

Resolutely, Dream decided he'd spend the next hour distracting himself on his PC so his thoughts couldn't linger on George. He trekked back to his room and woke up his computer, automatically running Minecraft and locating the SMP in his server list. He noted that there were already a few members online on the SMP, but after opening Fundy's stream to figure out where they were, he saw only Wilbur in company of the other.

After joining their call, he discovered they were attempting to make an unmodded playable chessboard. It looked like they were succeeding, kind of. He listened contently as they bickered back and forth about the placement of their pieces, only offering scant comments whenever his brain demanded he supply his two cents.

Dream leaned back in his chair and raised his elbows, forearms locked together behind the headrest in a languid stretch as he idly listened to the voices of his friends. Their board was finished, and, to Dream's amusement, they'd started playing their first game.

Dream had only been with them for thirty minutes when movement from the corner of his eye made him look up and see George timidly pushing open his door. Dream's eyebrows rose in mild surprise. He uttered a hasty *one second*, and leant over his desk to mute himself on Discord, turning to address the figure in his doorway.

"George? What's up, thought I remember you demanding a full hour of sleep." He commented mildly, pushing his headphones off of one ear. George's eyes were strangely bright and determined for someone who just woke up. He looked vaguely like he'd come in to say something, but instead he shrugged a listless shoulder, shuffling further into the room. Dream allowed his gaze to flicker over the other's movements with stirring curiosity.

"Woke up early." George explained distractedly, and Dream responded with a scant nod out of habit. The brunet's eyebrows furrowed as he trailed closer, observing the current tabs strewn across Dream's monitors. "Are you streaming?" He paused, tone thick with confusion.

Dream shook his head, readjusting his headphones so that they were more comfortable once he realised George had no intentions of leaving.

"No, you're good. I'm just in a call with Fundy and Wilbur while they play chess."

George hummed and visibly relaxed, mouth quirking up in an unmeant smile as he tilted his head, eyes glued to the LED display. Dream twisted his torso and reached up with an indolent arm to flick at the other's jaw as it drifted within reach. The brunet huffed and swatted at his hand in retaliation.

"How are they playing chess on the SMP?" George probed, leaning gently over Dream's shoulder, palms coming to rest innocuously along the smooth leather ridge of Dream's chair. For a reason he couldn't pin down, Dream had the nagging pretense that George wasn't really interested in Fundy and Wilbur right now. He shifted back around, settling against the cushioned backrest, quietly pleased with the close presence of his currently palpable best friend.

"With difficulty," he chuckled, lacing his fingers together and inverting them in a satisfying stretch towards his monitor.

George stirred at Dream's back, reclining his body weight a little more heavily on the makeshift support. "I can see that. Have you played?"

Dream felt the other's breath muss the tresses of his hair and tensed with the effort of staying still. He very jarringly felt the desire to turn around and yank George down by his collar. And even though he had the obvious inkling that George was well aware of what his unexpected closeness did to Dream, he couldn't really dredge up any reservations to care.

"Not yet," Dream replied lightly, half-mindfully pleading with himself not to become hyper-fixated on the close proximity, even though it felt suspiciously like he was fighting a losing battle.

He heard George's hand slide down the side of his chair, and come to a stop somewhere adjacent to his shoulder.

Dream swallowed.

"You good to just stand there?" He tried, but his throat suddenly felt a little dry. He had meant for it to come off lighthearted and joking, though it sounded to even his own ears as though he hadn't quite hit that nail on the head.

George hummed absently, and Dream could almost *hear* the way the cogs in his brain turned as he geared up to make a decision, could almost feel the way George had paused behind him, fingers drumming along leather softly in accompaniment to his thinking. Dream had half a mind to reach back there and thwart him for being so conspicuous about it, but something kept him frozen as cooled air brushed the back of Dream's neck again, and he felt the hairs on his nape raise in a strange haze of trepidation.

He forcefully willed himself to settle, refocusing back on his screen. "Alright, I'm gonna unmute, then. Okay?"

He waited for a moment, just to be sure George had enough time to process, then leaned forwards with a beeline towards his keybinds. Before he could access them, a small hand on his arm stopped him, gripping strongly. A titillating wave of expectancy pointedly washed through his stomach and caused the current breath in his chest to hitch funnily.

And then George spoke, and in more ways than one, the specifics of the situation became a lot harder to ignore.

“Wait,” the Brit commanded, short and sharp. Dream’s attention, which had already been preoccupied by George hook, line, and sinker, was rapt tenfold.

The grip on his forearm tightened and his head went a little dizzy with it. George was never one for being very physically pushy—he mainly bent to Dream’s will and took what he was given without resistance. Dream loved it, loved him in any way he could have him, but he wouldn’t deny the attitude change left a trail of ash and singed nerve endings in Dream’s stomach. He was already quite fond of this George.

Slender fingers yielded from his arm to curl serpentine-like around his wrist, pressing fingerprints into the thin layer of skin over his veins. Pins and needles crowded beneath George’s touch.

“I have an idea,” the brunet divulged, voice like smoke over water, and Dream shivered as the smile in the other’s words seeped through his head.

The contact on his wrist constricted and pulled at his arm, forcing the chair around until he was facing George, and then everything crashed down around Dream in glacial-moving silence. Like this, George stood about a foot over him, but it might as well have felt like Dream were staring up the side of a gorge. He raked his eyes over the side of his friend’s face; Dream had always imagined the plaster-white slope of his jaw would look supple and breakable in his fist, but nothing about the other man now seemed remotely fragile. Delicate, yes, if the sweet, unmarred length of his neck was anything to go by, but when he returned his gaze to George’s imposing, dark eyes, Dream very suddenly felt that he was in no position of power to put even a toe out of line. And somehow, because it was fucking *George* of all people, he liked it, a lot.

“How about,” George continued as his free arm came up to Dream’s shoulder, heel of his palm digging into the flesh, and voice light like he were discussing meal options, or the fucking weather with Dream. “You play a game of chess with one of them, and you win. If you don’t, I humiliate you.”

Dream’s eyes widened of their own accord, but he forced his features to school. George kept going.

“And,” he instilled, “I get to do what I want to you when you’re playing.”

10k HITS THSNK YOU SO SO MUCH!♡♡♡♡♡♡ I really do love writing this fic, I can't tell you how much the support means to me :) <3 I'm so excited for the final chapter. I'm still worried it won't be as good as people hope, but I feel super motivated by some of the things I wrote, and I hope you will all enjoy it too<3

Come find me on [twitter](#) if u would like updates :) Also, please check out my [ao3 profile](#) for a few important notes about me and my works. ^^

I will see u soon<3

♡♡♡♡♡♡

Break

Chapter Summary

Each new second without a bright screen divider adds another crack down Dream's centre.

Chapter Notes

uhh I felt a bit indifferent about using pet names between them because it just seemed like i was being overoptimistic about how a real relationship between their characters would really function but,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

https://www.twitch.tv/georgenotfound/clip/SourHotChimpanzeeDendiFace-PQexB1qE_kjYImow

Anyway this whole chapter is smut.

I think the direction it took might disappoint some of you, and if that's the case I apologise. However, I think I was able to get it to a place that still makes sense. I really really hope you enjoy. <3

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George's words punctured his lungs, and if Dream could deflate, he felt as though he probably just would have.

The nerves running down his arms burned in fluxes of stimulation, practically aching with the desire to lunge out and grab at whatever he could reach. And Dream was half tempted to suggest he pull George onto his lap and split him on his dick *right now*, but miraculously, he kept all explicit vulgar thoughts to himself.

George's eyes narrowed suspiciously as Dream's silence stretched out, jarring him back into action. God, George looked cute when he was trying to boss Dream around, but he wouldn't admit that he wasn't really, really liking it so far, so he figured he'd put his pride aside for a while and play into George's novel power trip.

"Alright, sweetheart. Deal." Dream agreed, heart stuttering against his chest with excitement. A grin divided his face easily.

George, predictably, scowled at the pet name, and dug his nails into Dream's shoulder as a warning. Dream wished it hurt more, but the sensation resulted in a subdued spark that shot up his spine anyway.

Then George eased his grip until it was barely featherlight, drawing closer like water over a riverbed. Dream sucked in a rattling breath as he felt hot lips press pseudo-lovingly into the textured skin just under his jaw, and he was certain George could feel the way his pulse thundered in his neck.

Before he could even lean into the fleeting touch, George had pulled back, and was staring at him with a pleased look. It would have almost been sweet, if Dream wasn't trying so hard to be subservient to his partner. His dick twitched eagerly in his jeans, and for once, he was in full agreement with its timely reactions. Instead, he let the whine building up in his throat pass his teeth, and revelled in the way George tried to downplay his own satisfaction in response.

The brunet lidded his eyes, indifferent stare weighted by a darker intent, and nudged Dream back around until he was facing his monitor again. Dream bit his lip as it pulled into a secretive smile, jaw clenched with the strength at which he withheld himself from calling George *brat, brat, brat, brat*.

He reached out, and finally hit unmute. In no less time, George stepped around his chair and dropped to the floor by Dream's desk, looking up at Dream with wide, pretty eyes, coyly masking dark flames of heady desire. Dream kept him in the edge of his vision, not daring to give George even a second's chance to catch him off guard. He cleared his throat, finally tuning back in to the conversation his other company were having.

"Sorry about that, my, uh... mom called," he swallowed roughly when he felt one of George's hands find a place on his knee, inching over the expanse of flesh lethargically.

Fundy and Wilbur both reacted to his presence effervescently, but Dream could barely make out what they were saying. His mind wasn't exactly in the game at the minute. He caught Wilbur's voice in a brief moment of silence from the rest of the call.

"Yeah, not gonna lie, Fundy demolished me," he admitted with a carefree lilt, entirely ignorant to Dream's predicament. Somehow, the secrecy was bizarrely hot, even more so when the hand on Dream's leg moved higher and pointedly slighted against the inside of his thigh, gripping lightly.

Dream momentarily stopped paying attention for long enough to miss Fundy's reply, only just registering the tone at which the other two were bickering to each other.

“Uh-huh,” he segued distractedly. “Hey, uh- Wilbur, wanna play a game?”

“Of chess? Sure. I’ll be black again, if you don’t mind.” Wilbur agreed cheerfully.

“Alright,” Dream acquiesced, directing his character over to the chessboard and following Wilbur's instructions on how to place the "pieces".

Dream squirmed as the hand on his thigh dug nails into his skin almost aggressively. The grip released shortly, and Dream felt George’s palm begin shifting its placement against him jerkily. He glanced down to see George manoeuvring himself in front of Dream, under his desk. Despite the small space, he looked like he fit just fine, with regards to the fact that Dream had to have his desk cranked up on one of the highest settings just to accommodate his size.

George caught his eye and smiled cockily, spreading Dream’s legs theatrically slow and looking up at him through his eyelashes.

Pulling in a steady breath, Dream reaffirmed his attention back on his screen. The game started off slow; both the one of chess, and whatever it was George had in store. He appeared to be in no rush, sitting so patient and still with his palms cupping Dream’s knees, that it put Dream on edge. He felt the nerves connecting everything from his toes to his shoulders singing in anticipation, as his body awaited the slightest movement from the kneeled figure.

Engrossed by deep concentration, Dream meticulously moved a pawn to D4, and felt delicate hands skimming over the insides of his thighs. A sudden breath quickly stole out of him, and he clamped his jaw shut worryingly. Dream prayed that the sheer stupidity of someone (whom the media assumed to be straight) getting their dick tugged off under a desk, *live*, was enough of an impossibility to make fans justify any strange behaviour from Dream with other reasonable, logically innocuous excuses.

Wilbur was tacking on lighthearted commentary of his moves, mostly for the chat’s comprehension, meanwhile engaging Fundy in it as much as he could. Dream could hardly compete. He listened adamantly, perhaps going about it in a mildly over-ambitious way; in that a few blank spots within the conversation popped up where Dream had tried to concentrate a little *too* hard. His feet were planted firmly against the floor in electrifying expectation. For what, he had no idea, but he knew George wouldn’t go easy on him. A dark corner of his mind hailed that passing conception.

He cleared his throat and attempted to think out-loud, "I could move... over here."

A deft finger lightly traced the skin just past the hem of his shorts.

Dream forced out a faint noise of disgruntlement. "Why am I still breaking it with my fist—" he was cut off abruptly with a silent click of his jaw as a hand was pressed directly on his clothed erection. His brow furrowed from acute restraint, trying to remaining as neutral as possible.

Fundy and Wilbur started bickering over Wil's next placement, but Dream stopped listening when the palm cupping him ground down implicitly. He was practically flinging his index over the mute hotkey within the span of half a second.

Dream sat back and looked down. George was already staring at him.

"You," he began. "Are a piece of work. Is this your way of getting my attention?"

George smiled impishly. "Did you think I was just gonna *verbalise* when I wanted you to sit up and let me take off your pants? Think about it, Dreamie."

Red rushed to Dream's face embarrassingly, and he sat up and hastily hooked his thumb under his waistband, feeling George's fingers pulling alongside his. George tugged the material of his shorts down until they were completely out of the way, flinging them somewhere in his room.

George turned back to him and laid a hand over his where they lingered by the edge of his underwear.

"You might want to leave those on," George advised. "Wouldn't want to dribble on your five-hundred dollar Secretlab gaming chair."

He held such a dismayfully attractive air of playful arrogance when he quipped, that Dream caught himself wheezing at the stupidity.

"Fuck off." *Good one.*

“Uh-huh,” George agreed sarcastically, pressing the corner of his grin into Dream’s knee.

Dream fought the urge to roll his eyes—or, even worse, *laugh* again—while George fixed his posture and pushed his fingers up the span of Dream’s thighs to slip under the hem of his shirt, grazing over the warm skin on his sides. Dream shivered, leaning into the touch as conspicuously as he dared to let himself before he threatened to put his dignity under scrutiny.

“Is it safe to unmute now?” Dream had the half-mind to ask, shuffling closer when he felt George’s hands reach around to his backside, tugging him forwards needily. Two lithe thumbs hooked over each of Dream’s hip bones in an unforgiving grip, hailing George with the likeness of a dragon hoarding something opulent.

“You tell me,” the brunet hummed meaningfully, like he was supplying Dream with a thoughtful answer in response to his rather serious question. “You’re the one that’s near the microphone.”

Of all the multitudes of things Dream felt like throwing back at him, he kindly didn’t say any of them; just brought his mic out of mute again and hesitantly used conversational cues to pick up right where he’d left off as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

Petite hands wasted no time getting to work, sliding down to hold Dream in place, fingers splaying as far as they could across thigh and backside. Dream tried desperately to retain what little shrapnel of pride he possessed left, not wanting to give George the satisfaction of seeing him squirm, even when a warm pair of lips pressed against his thigh through the cotton of his boxer briefs.

George angled his face so his cheek pushed against Dream’s hard on, parting his lips adeptly and delivering a stinging bite to the sensitive area on the inside of Dream’s thigh.

Dream jolted from the direct sensation, spine shooting up ramrod straight.

“U-Uhm,” his voice wobbled dangerously and he muted briefly to hide the way he had to clear his throat. “Interesting move,” Dream ineloquently elected with; verbalising it to Wilbur, but punctuating it with a rough nudge of his foot into George’s side.

In hindsight, it was a bit of a poor decision, because *his* lap was in *George’s* face, not the other way around, and George took advantage of their positions to make his displeasure known with a direct swipe of his tongue over the head of Dream’s cock. Even with an insubstantial layer of fabric

between each point of contact, the pool of spit George had obviously let collect on the tip of his tongue beforehand soaked through the material almost immediately, and the tremble of arousal Dream felt trail down his legs was unmistakable.

Dream rushed his character through the next turn and almost blundered it, wanting to get it done before George did something he couldn't play off.

Which he did, not a moment later than Dream had strayed off the side of the board. George's short fingernails just barely grazed down the skin of Dream's hips, dipping under the elastic of his waistband and stretching the article uncaringly to allow a slim hand to fit inside.

Dream jerkily slammed his fingers into the mute key in time to let out a heavy exhale that swiftly melted into a deep groan, as dim, but thrilling pleasure rolled through his hips in conjunction with the flat of George's palm dragging remorselessly down the length of his cock. Dream let his head flop back uselessly against his chair, nerves feeding wildly off the somatic touch of George's miscreant hand, curling around the head to make a loose fist.

"You're muted aren't you?" George pointed out sort of *smugly*, with his thumb making slow movements over the slit of Dream's dick. "Wow Dream, you feel pretty big."

Before he could respond, Dream was wracked by several violent shudders that tore him apart in masochistic vicissitudes, timed by dips of George's diligent fingers. Dream tensed as he was finally pulled from his confinements, George's non-dominant index dipped into the inside of his underwear, weighing the elastic down.

The brunet hummed appreciatively. "*Really* big." He was audibly smiling.

Dream whined, and he truly did try to stave off the accrual neediness building in him, despite its exceedingly prominent fixture throughout his entire body. He still had a game of chess to win, after all.

"F-Fuck you, George," he croaked out, making the mistake of flicking his gaze down in a poor last-ditch attempt to try and rectify his breaking composure—because if he could meet George's eyes and see that the other was relatively unaffected, then surely that would reflect on his own behaviour.

Annoyingly, and really quite unfairly, Dream found that George's eyes were already blown out so

wide that black outmatched brown, and he was looking at Dream like he was something to eat. Even from his knees between Dream's open legs, he dripped of confidence that anybody—let alone *Dream*—seldom saw. Unlike his own fiery acts of headstrong, brimmed with heat and bite, George's certitude was more comparable to that of a tidal wave, cold and aware of the devastation it was undeniably capable of causing. Dream saw the damning riptide in his onyx eyes, and the unspoken promise of his angled head. He so clearly looked like the one dictating the scene, and Dream was fucking obsessed with it as he was mad about it.

He registered Wilbur's voice pick up conversationally through the Discord call at the same time George threw him a knowing grin, dark and full of intent. "Better get back to your game, lover boy."

With his tooth digging into his bottom lip painfully, Dream scowled and sat up, reaching out to capture his mouse and unmute. Again.

"...Feel like I'm probably not going to win this." Wilbur was saying.

"Wilbur, I swear to god if you don't win this I'll be so disappointed in you."

Nimble fingers gently held Dream in hand, moving agonisingly slowly up and down his shaft, very obviously taking extra care to avoid rubbing too close to the sensitive head. It was driving Dream insane. He tried to concentrate on the screen in front of him.

Live. Thirty thousand people. Right.

Dream hummed, a little too loudly to match his previous demeanour, scrutinising the board with overcompensating amounts of vigour.

"You sound like you're thinking pretty hard there, Dream." Wilbur observed.

Fundy made a noise of agreement. "The speedrunning music should play when Dream is thinking."

Dream huffed a laugh, breaking a piece to relocate it. "I am," he confirmed, then promptly cleared his throat again when his voice came out a little lower than usual.

Unexpected stimulation against the underside of his cock made Dream jump, shifting his feet farther apart subtly.

Warm breath suddenly caressed the tip of Dream's dick, and his toes dug into the floor in wild anticipation, wondering heedlessly how the fuck he was going to stay quiet when he was getting sucked off by the corporeal vision of his fucking wet dreams.

George's lips finally touched with the head of his cock, and Dream knew he could feel the brunet grinning against him.

His hand knocked his computer mouse accidentally, unsettling his display jarringly for a second as Dream felt George's lips split to take him into his mouth. The feeling brought both overwhelming relief and mounting frustration as the muscles in his thighs tensed tightly.

Though the wet and the *heat* felt incredible after being teased by George, George now didn't bother in holding back, a blindsiding contrast that left Dream's legs aching with micro tremors and quartz sparks. George was nonchalantly relentless to Dream's sensitive cock, laving his tongue along the underside purposefully, drawing back prematurely on every upwards pull. Dream knew right away what George was trying to do to him, was trying to get him to abdicate, but he could hardly help the minute push of his hips into the hot cavern of the older's mouth.

Abruptly, George pursed his lips tightly and spanned his tongue flatly across the underside, moving down his cock deftly until Dream could just feel the wet back of George's throat. A premature tightness in his pelvis cinched the muscles in his legs, catching Dream embarrassingly off guard as his breathing gained a deeper quality and sped up, until he was hit with the genuine fear that he was about to give himself away on stream. His hands bolted for the mute button faster than they'd ever done anything before, and it wasn't until he heard the sound in his headphones that Dream slumped against his chair desperately, blindly feeling for the soft, hazel tresses of George's hair.

"Oh, *fuck*," he moaned raspily, drawn-out with the movement of his spine as it arced. He pushed his fingers through George's hair and tugged. George whimpered quietly around Dream's cock, the sound creating dainty vibrations that drove Dream insane.

Craning his neck off of his headrest, Dream sought George's face as he felt the other pulling off with a wet sound. A line of saliva was messily connecting George's glistening bottom lip to the tip of Dream's dick, and Dream wanted to dig his thumb into the plush skin framing George's mouth until it was even more swollen and red. He held back. Barely.

Dream momentarily tightened the fist in George's hair before mercifully letting go, easing his grip to run his fingers along George's scalp soothingly, instead.

His chest heaved as he stared George down over the bridge of his nose, eyes hooded hazily. George was watching him intensely, breathing similarly hard.

"Fuck," Dream cursed, knocking his head back against his chair again, taking deep breaths. He lifted his gaze back to George, and snapped wildly; "are you fucking trying to get me to cum on stream, dipshit?"

George just gave a non-committed leer, forcing Dream's knees further apart without breaking eye contact. Dream shivered unsolicitedly.

"Well, *yes* I'm trying to get you to cum, I fucking missed it last time. Cum, already." George retorted flippantly, like he was pointing out the obvious. *Jesus*.

The blond twisted his fingers in George's hair roughly again, warningly, but it was a little half-hearted on his part. Dream was enjoying letting George think he could boss him around far too much to actually be serious about punishing him right back. For the meantime, anyway.

"On fucking stream? Can't you wait?" He implored instead.

George just shook his head flippantly, leaning forward to kitten-lick the precum off Dream's leaking tip.

"That's just an unfortunate detail," he dismissed impudently, moving his mouth back down to Dream's aching cock, stretching his lips past the head. The reinstallation of George's hot mouth and slick tongue brought back instant gratification, but all Dream could focus on was how he had *no fucking right* to gaze up past his lashes in a crude image of elegance while he had his lips pulled taught around a *dick*.

Dream huffed. "Fucking bitch. I have to unmute now, don't be a dickhead."

Shaking hands reached forward for his keyboard, and he warily unmuted.

“I’m not gonna lie, it looks like you’re pretty fucked here, Wilbur. Dream has a bigger advantage in terms of positioning.” Fundy was saying. Miraculously, Dream’s opposition was still deliberating his move, though a large part of it seemed to be on account of Wilbur intentionally dragging it out for content. Dream pretended to have been present for the whole conversation.

Beneath the desk, George pulled back and closed his lips tightly over Dream’s head, flicking his tongue boldly into the slit before pulling off completely, eliciting an unwanted, and breathy grunt from the blond.

It was hardly audible, but it still made Dream freeze. He attempted to clear his throat.

Wilbur placed a rook. “You right, Dream?” He sounded partly like he was truly concerned with Dream’s answer, and it made blood rush hotly to the Floridan’s cheeks. They had no fucking idea.

Dream quickly cleared his throat again. “Yeah, I’m fine. Thanks for the rook,” he joked, shooting somewhere in the vicinity of lighthearted banter, absolutely clueless as to whether or not he’d hit it.

He wasn’t given (nor was he expecting) much time before George took him back into his mouth, lips and tongue swallowing him carefully, brushing featherlightly in all the right and wrong ways. Dream bucked his hips again, weakly searching for more pressure. George reflexively pulled off. A whine lodged in the bottom of Dream’s throat and threatened to spill out past his lips, but he fervently quashed it in favour of holding his breath and mindfully counting to ten. He jerkily transferred his queen to C7.

“Oh for fucks sake,” Wilbur complained distantly, sounding as though he were underwater, or far away.

Tuning them out had become like flicking a switch to Dream, who was extremely aware of nothing except for the thick flat of George’s tongue as it pressed against the base of his cock, laying a taunting path of spit all the way up to the head. Dream glanced down, and almost immediately, George’s eyes found him, leering up through his dark eyelashes heavily, as if daring Dream to make another sound. All while upkeeping his indecorous eye contact, George took Dream in his mouth again and dipped down until lips met with his fingers, surrounding Dream’s dick in mind-numbingly gratifying heat.

Dream shuddered as his eyes slid shut and he slumped back against his chair, cracking pathetically under the weight of the other’s gaze. A pinch to his leg forced Dream’s attention back to George. Dream looked up dazedly, air catching raggedly in his throat with every strained inhale. George pulled off again with an ever-present grin, sliding his loose fist up and down Dream’s dick

casually. He jutted a finger skywards, as if indicating to the microphone still standing by patiently for Dream's input, only a few feet away.

Dream, feeling mildly mortified, straightened his back and shakily reached out to reclaim his controls again. He gave a thorough survey of the board, and then another, just to be safe. If he played right, he could potentially end the game within the next two moves or less.

Fuck, hurry up, he silently urged, watching as Wilbur moved another rook.

Fundy started laughing to himself, and Dream realised with sudden clarity that he was able to put Wilbur directly into checkmate.

"Wait a second." Wilbur seemed to realise too late.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. George was gingerly sucking the skin at the base of Dream's dick into his mouth.

"Checkmate," Dream grunted, ignoring the way his voice contained a note of gravel to it. He felt George pause, his taunting grin falling slowly onto his face, still pressed up against Dream's abdomen.

"Welp," Fundy drew out, "that was fun. GG's, Wilbur, you fuckin' tried."

Wilbur laughed. "I fucking suck."

Dream ignored their lighthearted banter a little too easily, never before working so quickly to get himself out of a voice call.

"Alright, I have to go now, but thanks for letting me beat you at Chess, Wilbur." Dream supplied pathetically, in the most good-natured tone he could manage. George had moved his head away from Dream's cock now, but was still resting on his heels with one hand returned to Dream's thigh, the other tracing thin lines impatiently down the length of Dream's hardness.

With a little awkwardness, given the stilted withdrawal of his curbing arousal, Dream excused himself with a goodbye one final time, before ending the *fuck* out of the call and closing Discord

entirely.

He dropped back against his chair again, yanking his headphones completely off in the process and depositing them a little carelessly on his desk. Staring darkly over the freckles on his nose at George, the other was already watching him, expectant smile on his face. Somewhere in Dream's mind reminded him to *keep cool, let him think he's stringing you along for a bit longer*—but, well, he *was* a Leo, and a hard-headed idiot to boot, so those thoughts were pretty abysmally small. That, and the aforementioned parts of his stubborn brain had already given up on trying to shut up, so he was bowling over any mental blockades before a single coherent thought had time to rationalise in his head.

"I bet you think you're so fucking clever," Dream's arm shot out and grabbed at George's pale jaw forcefully.

George just turned his head and bit down on one of Dream's fingers, unaffected.

Dream glared, ignoring any remaining brain cells that recognised he might be acting a bit like a spoiled kid throwing a tantrum, and narrowly resisted the urge to tighten his grip. "Fucking answer me, whore."

George bit harder, corners of his mouth stretched up wryly. He pulled away after a moment, pressing a chaste kiss to Dream's palm. Dream's eyes widened minutely, train of thought momentarily plunged into a feedback loop.

"You're really having a go at me," George began impassively. "When you agreed to every single term I so transparently spelled out for you?"

It came out so condescendingly, like *Dream* was being the unreasonable one. Before a retort could formulate on his tongue, George kept going.

"Seems like he's a bit of a sore loser," the Brit had the audacity *sing-song* under his breath, partially shielded by Dream's own hand. Dream saw red. He wanted that stupid smirk *gone* from this brat's face.

Dream was about to open his mouth to speak again when George grabbed his wrist roughly and cut the line connecting his thought, a bluntly pointed canine sinking into Dream's knuckle pitilessly. Dream nearly jumped. The humour was wiped from George's face.

“You know what I couldn’t help but notice?” George mumbled, pulling Dream’s thumb out of his mouth and prying the hand off his face. “I couldn’t help but notice how you challenged *Wilbur* instead of Fundy. Because that’s an easier game to win, right?”

Dream’s clenched jaw twitched with every word. *Obviously I challenged Wilbur, not Fundy*, he wanted to defend, but through some superhuman feat, he held his tongue and waited for George to communicate his point first.

Green and umber stared one another down in silent competition for a prolonged beat of silence, before George finally sighed, breaking the trance. He looked frustrated, and something about it struck proud gold in Dream’s chest like an abstract victory. He studied unmovingly as the other stood up, fluidly avoiding the edge of the desk as he nudged Dream’s chair outwards to make room.

“What?” The brunet asked flatly, like he were gearing up for a joke. Or a threat. Dream could hardly breathe as George slid his knees on either side of him—not because of the words he dragged out like blades over Dream’s throat, but because of his lewd actions that were streaked with suggestiveness—and *fuck, shit, fuck*, Dream was in over his head bringing George here. Pretty legs lowered themselves into a straddle across Dream’s thighs that left little to the imagination. Clean white cotton swayed forward with George’s movements to catch tauntingly on Dream’s leaking tip, resulting in a jolt from Dream that saw two large hands clasp onto George’s hips in a cloudy second of pure automation.

Dream shivered as he felt warm palms skim past his shirt to ghost over the flushed skin of his sides. George tilted his head and leaned in at a pace so atrociously slow it felt psychedelic. Hot breath billowed across the column of Dream’s neck.

“...Couldn’t handle being humiliated?” George murmured finally, pushing his lips against Dream’s pulse cataclysmically. Hesitantly, he craned his chin, offering George more of his throat. The older man hummed appreciatively, darting his tongue out to lick up the thundering trail of the younger’s jugular.

Then, Dream felt that *stupid* smile again, and his lusting brain came crashing back to earth. Rapt fingers cut inwards, curling hard into George’s skin until, manically, Dream pondered if he could brand his impression on the other man’s hips forever.

“Oh yeah?” Dream seethed, biting. He pulled George from the crook of his neck with force, wrapping a hand across the front of his svelte throat. George’s expression flashed momentarily with surprise, but it was quickly masked behind the rise of an indifferent eyebrow. Pointedly,

Dream pushed his thumb into George's jugular and held it there for a moment to watch the haze cloud over his eyes. "What makes you think that?"

Brown eyes blinked, bled full of damning, black lucidity that tore holes through Dream's conscience. He looked like an eclipse in the wide, brilliant sky; pale, moon-rock skin heralded and praised by a curving, sun-kissed hand fastened around his throat.

George smiled, said nothing when he leaned forward with his chest until the warmth of his stomach laid flat against Dream's. A poorly suppressed convulsion coursed tellingly down Dream's spine when George pressed their groins together through too many layers of clothing. He retracted a hand from beneath Dream's shirt and skirted it tenderly across Dream's jaw to come to a stop on his chin. At some point, the clutch around George's neck had laxed, but Dream didn't have the current attention nor care to reaffirm it.

George drifted closer, hardly a breath of chasmic space separating Dream and the only thing he wanted above all else.

Slim fingers curled around his jaw, digging nails in sharply. "I have nothing to prove to you."

The initial shock wore off, and Dream glared, voice intentionally low when he ground out: "What's your fucking problem?"

A tremor visibly ran through George, who sucked in a breath as it passed, eyes resting shut in a contorted image of ardour. They opened already settled on Dream's, locked in place when the brunet on his lap shuffled back, rising into a stance that Dream would admit read as mildly imposing, even despite the juxtaposition to his size.

"Get up."

Dream's eyebrows raised. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me."

It's not that Dream didn't necessarily *want* to do everything George asked, but since the other was clearly *so* confident, Dream figured being difficult about it was completely within his right.

He shimmied forward to the edge of the seat, arching his back innocuously in a display blatantly intended to provoke. "Say it again?" He prompted, batting his eyelashes.

The latter seemed to have realised that Dream wasn't going to make it easy for him, and he looked mildly dislodged by it. "Get up. Strip."

Heat clenched Dream's thumping heart in his chest, an ache that travelled distinctly south. He stood up slowly, not missing the way George's eyes flicked to his crotch, and leisurely peeled off his shirt. Hard-set, backlit eyes met his again, silently pressuring Dream to speed it up. He didn't.

Instead, he hooked his thumbs into halfway-removed boxers, sliding the elastic down his thighs intentionally slow, refusing to break eye contact. The fabric dropped in a pool around his ankles softly, and Dream made zero effort to move out of them.

The tension snapped, and George was storming forwards, flattening a palm into Dream's chest.

"Get on with it," he demanded, shoving Dream backwards until he was crowded against the edge of the bed, with nowhere to fall but onto it. Dream met heavily with the worn comforter that he'd had on his bed through all of the years he'd spent pining over and jacking off to a fabrication of the very same man that now stood before him in tactual flesh and blood, frowning past lidded eyes like something out of Dream's most far-fetched envisions.

One of George's hands followed his movement, pressing over his hip and marshalling him up the mattress until his back connected with the headrest, unsuspecting pillows being wedged against his spine. Once George had supposedly manoeuvred Dream in the position that he wanted him, he walked closer on his knees, swinging his legs over Dream's middle in a raised straddle, and Dream didn't even try to hide the way he leered at the fluid movement of George's body as it parenthesised his.

Before Dream could open his mouth to make an inappropriate comment, George lowered himself onto Dream's lap in a way that perfectly aligned Dream's cock with the curve of his ass, ripping out an instant groan from Dream, whose head fell back with a dull thud. A tightness gripped his insides at the introduction of pressure against his dick again. Heat and discomfort from having too little stimulation to his overbearingly hard cock pulled the impatient muscles spanning his body head-to-toe taut, piloted by the curl of his toes. He felt blindly for George's waist, grabbing it a bone-crushing grip complimentary to the roll of his hips as he ground upwards against a perfectly solid body.

Small hands gripped his wrists with enough force to garner his attention.

“Take these off,” George demanded bitinglly.

Dream only tightened his grip, spurred on by the manic conceptions of finger-shaped bruises embezzling George’s hips like jewels. “Or what? You gonna humiliate me? Tell me I’m a bad boy?”

Dream could pinpoint the moment that George’s character gained its first crack—he paused in his movement for less than a split second, but Dream saw the slip in charade for what it was. He squeezed his fingers, admiring the way George started to squirm from his place between unyielding palms.

“Oh come on, Georgie.” Dream smiled animalistically, unclamping a terse hand to skate up George’s loosely clothed body and cup his jaw. He lightly tugged the other forward while his brain prepared another string of jibes. “What’s the matter, angel? You put yourself up there. Punish me if you think I deserve it.”

He was blatantly taunting George now, but the man over him didn’t seem to be turned off in the slightest, reacting with a shiver and leaning into Dream’s touch in near-perfect compliance. Dream could have purred when delicate hands reached down to prop themselves up on Dream’s stomach, shirt material pinched between thin digits.

“I’m still dressed, you moron,” George huffed in something like annoyance, fingers toying with the hem that was still blocking beautiful skin from Dream’s view, the latter’s breath just barely washing across Dream’s own lips with every exhale.

“I *know*.” Dream agreed with a sigh of mock sympathy. “Fucking come here, you little brat.”

A directive nudge against the jaw still cupped by Dream’s hand was all he needed to have George tipping forwards in a catalytic plunge towards him, lips crashing together messily, and *wow*. Dream had spent *so* long thinking about this, wanting and lusting for the pressure of George’s mouth against his, that it almost overwhelmed him when their mouths finally connected. Yet even with the way Dream’s thoughts refused to stop racing, the hazy pink contact almost carried a level of *comfort* in its long-time inevitability. Rough and uncut in nature that it burned Dream’s skin to the shape of the lips against his, a vicious brand that Dream had very quickly come to understand would last forever. At least for him.

He moaned into the kiss, punching his thumb into the hollow of George's cheek possessively.

The older man whined quietly, lips parting to expel a gasp of air, and Dream felt drunk on desire. His cock twitched, uncomfortably hard and leaking after George's stunt on stream. Needy teeth pulled petal-soft red callously between them, and bit rough enough to make George fumble slightly amidst his own desperate chase for contact. Dream felt a tongue sneak out to trace along the seal of his mouth, eliciting a low moan that forced his jaw to part.

"Fuck, George," Dream broke away to whisper harshly past glossy peach into a warm recess of mission red.

George ignored him, surging forward with renewed vigour to capture his lips squarely, tilting his head at an angle that printed stars into the back of Dream's eyelids. Dream's hand slid down from jaw to neck, trying to memorise the scratch of stubble against his skin. His coarsely padded palm cupped George's pulse gently, like he were handling something of irreplaceable value. A second wandering hand coasted down the brief distance separating George's waist and thigh, fingers bypassing both shorts and boxers to follow the curve of smooth, unblemished skin until they passed over plush backside, squeezing the flesh greedily.

George's mouth dropped open in a strangled gasp, jolting forwards from the contact slightly, humid clouds of breath summoning throes of paraesthesia where they cascaded over Dream's lips.

"Get up," Dream ordered, imitating the Brit's earlier words and throwing them right back at him—punctuating with a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

George huffed irately, a noise somewhere between breathlessness and derision. Large hands left their posts to circle George's thighs, thumbs securing them against palms.

"No, that wasn't a question." Dream pushed against muscle incessantly, hoisting George into a kneeling position that forced an arc into his posture.

George glared down at him in half-hearted annoyance, face ablaze and outstretching arms steadying themselves on either side of Dream's shoulders. Dream squeezed once, hard, before letting go, replacing George's thighs with the hem of his shirt, nudging it up over pale stomach. The man in his lap raised thin arms over his head to allow the article to be tugged off, from which it was thrown to the side with minimal care.

New, flushed skin was put on display, and Dream stared hard at the planes of body that had been opened to the cool drafts of his room.

He'd stared at George's body plenty of times; he did have those screenshots, after all. Yet, to see sweeping hills and valleys of macadamia in *person*; waiting to be manipulated by Dream's hands from any angle that Dream wanted when they'd previously only been known to Dream within the confinement of pixilation, was completely *primal*. It was like tasting blood after starving for six years. It drove Dream to the brink of madness and left him there teetering, until George's gasping breaths or softly clenching fingers yanked him back into his body at terminal velocity.

Dream pinned George's body under his lustful gaze, raked his molten eyes lethargically up every detail of George's stomach and chest until they met with a cold sea of deep brown, shattering in a coastline of volcanic mineral. He laid his palms over a gently sloped ribcage.

"Fucking hell." Dream let a puckish grin steal across his face as he scratched nails in angry divots down George's unmarked sides, taking in more lewd eyefuls of George's body. "No wonder you think you're such hot shit."

Green eyes silently dared (possibly encouraged) George to back-talk, especially when two hands were skirting past the small of the brunet's back and slipping underneath the band of his underwear, gripping handfuls of his ass suggestively. The pink of his cheeks was replaced with dark red.

"I don't think I'm hot shit," George objected huffishly. Dream scoffed, not bothering to suppress his eye roll.

"Right," the blond retorted between skates of his palms as they pushed the last irritating layers of George's clothes out of the way. The pads of Dream's fingers followed through, tracing down the backs of George's thighs until the waistband was clear of his backside. When George's cock was finally, *completely* exposed to air, Dream twitched from the withheld desire to lean down and ruin the brunet with his mouth the same way that George had done to *him* earlier.

He refrained, *barely*. By the same token, he didn't stop himself from happily hunching forward at an angle that let him swipe the precum off the glistening head with his tongue. A soft noise was punched out of George breathlessly, and Dream just about lost his mind.

Rising back up, Dream's piloting hands guided the small body off his lap so that the fabric bunching around milky thighs could be properly removed. Quiet breaths kicked out of George at every beat.

“I still don’t get it,” Dream began, agitation seeping back into his voice. He pulled back his legs, drawing sun-darkened knees under him to sit on his haunches, evening out the gradient at which they stared one another down. Wild adrenaline raced through him as he noticed brown eyes shamelessly drop down the angled lines of his body that pointed inwards to a ruddy summit at his lap. Wandering arms reached out to wind around the small of George’s back, encouraging him closer until narrow thighs slotted over either side of Dream’s, effectively sitting him in Dream’s lap once more. Dream tightened the embrace, grinding his hips upwards so their cocks dragged together. A brief spell of pleasure washed out Dream’s thoughts and pulled a matching groan with George. The air in his lungs hitched, and he repeated the action shallowly.

“*Why...* are you being so much more *obnoxious* than usual today?” Dream huffed angrily, and he’d figured out by now not to keep the accusation out of his voice, because something about his tone seemed to be making George breathe louder and tremble harder against him.

Pretty lips, red from bruising, split with a whine, face an inferno of pinkish heat. George’s hands shook where they struggled to keep their grip on Dream’s biceps. He said nothing, only tipped his chin in relinquish of power, finally shattering the front of confidence he’d been weaponising at Dream’s expense for too long. Still, he didn’t respond. He made no effort to.

Dream bristled.

“*Well?*” He snarled, slipping a hand between them to thumb ruthlessly at the slit of George’s cock. A soft exhale squeezed out of him as he slumped forwards into Dream’s chest, cheek pressed against the slope of Dream’s collarbone.

“Fucking *answer* me.”

“Y-You’re...” George started shakily, catching his breath against Dream’s skin. It shouldn’t have been as arousing as it was. Dream shuddered with gratification, forming a loose fist around George’s cock and jerking him off steadily in encouragement. “*Ah*, you’re h-hot as fuck when you’re worked up,” George admitted, leaning up and pressing a sloppy kiss to Dream’s neck, one that felt almost like a quiet apology. “I knew I *had* to get you mad. Have you *heard* the way your voice sounds when you don’t get your way?” George supplied incredulously, panting heavily into Dream’s neck. “Sometimes makes you sound like a smoker, but it’s so *fucking* hot.”

The man confessing retributable sins against his neck sounded so breathless as he spoke that Dream did nothing but blink for a moment while the words sunk in. A slow grin domineered Dream’s face, and pride beckoned him forward to bite the shell of George’s ear.

“Is that it?” he asked, brushing his cheek against George’s temple.

The scantest nod against Dream's skin.

“So, you thought you'd just *string me along*,” A short kiss, this time to the apex of George's cheek, “for *your* enjoyment? Expected me to mindlessly play into your fantasy? Over my *voice*?”

Mocking laughter slipped past his lips.

George let out a contemptuous whine. “To be fair, that’s exactly what you did,” he argued, and a wet tongue snuck out and laved over Dream’s thumping pulse.

Dream retracted his hand and switched their positions in an instant, shoving George onto his back and fitting himself as far into the gap between the smaller man’s legs as he could go. The latter looked momentarily dumbfounded, gazing up unseeingly with a thick haze over his eyes and prettily flustered cheeks. Dream stroked a hand across his jaw, (perhaps a little *too* tellingly, but that was Dream’s grave to dig himself out of) and coaxed heady henna eyes to meet his.

“I don't know how you don't ever get in shit with an attitude like that,” Dream observed lowly.

The latter blinked uncomprehendingly for a moment before the dam broke. He licked his lips and grinned. “It's 'cause you gatekeep me.”

Dream's expression contorted with something derived from both irritation and mild disbelief, shuffling backwards off the bed in a make for his setup.

“What are you doing?” George’s questioning lilt called behind him.

“Getting lube. Unless you don't wanna sit down for another month,” Dream explained with a yank on his desk drawer, opening it up to dig through for the bottle of lube that he hadn’t got around to moving ever since he acquired a small library of George nudes on his desktop.

George had the audacity to snort amusedly.

Dream whirled around to face him with a clear bottle in his offhand. His expression must have been set in something like ire, because George muttered a snarky *sorry, daddy* past a grin as Dream crossed the distance and stole his place between George's legs again like it was his god-given right.

George was hiked up on his elbows now, eyeing the bottle with traces of a smirk lingering a little too long in his expression, and Dream could already tell his next words were going to be annoying.

“Almost empty, Dream. My, what *have* you been doing at your computer?”

Just like predicted. George did not let him down.

Dream reached out and shoved him back against the covers hard in retaliation, nearly flattening the unsuspecting idiot. George wheezed as though he'd gotten the wind knocked out of him, wide eyes staring at empty air and looking disoriented. They blinked, sluggishly, sliding down to search for Dream's gaze again with a far too excitable grin for someone who just had the air forcibly removed from their lungs.

Dream pointed his nails against George's bare chest, pressing down. With the other hand, he flipped open the cap of the lube with a creaky *click*.

“Yes, well, *somebody* recently disclosed that I have a really nice voice in the mornings. And *then*, they imparted me with some extremely eye-catching... *imagery*.” The opened bottle was switched to the other hand and upended, dispensing a magnanimous amount over two of Dream's fingers.

George's stomach tensed with the effort he appeared to be holding back laughter, while he listened over-avidly to each word that spilled from Dream's lips. He puffed mirthfully, (which was really starting to get annoying) and raised a leg, kicking it out somewhere over Dream's back. A bony heel shortly came to rest on Dream's tailbone, nudging his hips indiscreetly.

“‘Eye-catching’? This person sounds pretty polite to be giving you all this spank bank material for free.” George advised.

Dream snorted incredulously. “He's a fucking cocky shit, actually, and deserves none of my

respect.”

George closed his eyes with a shudder, jaw tensing through what Dream could hazard was an unanticipated wave of sensation that caught him off guard. *Good. Fuck this guy.*

“I-Is that so?” George whimpered quietly when two fingers settled against his ass benignly.

“You should know. You really remind me of him.” Dream pushed against George’s entrance, slowly slipping a long finger past the first ring of taut muscle. A sweet, cracked groan tumbled out of George shakily, who fisted his hands in the bedspread hard enough to strain his knuckles bone-white.

“Fuck, finally.” George panted, glossy lips lax with relief.

The pale body shook beneath him, knees dropping open with every inch until Dream had one finger up to the last knuckle inside of him. “‘Finally’? Care to elaborate?”

“The fuck do you think? I’m saying it took you fucking long enough,” George gasped, expression set in a frown, clearly focused on the dimmed pleasure of having an intrusion inside of him. “God, your fingers are so big.”

Feeling emboldened by all of George’s indicative reactions to his earlier aggression and teasing, Dream caged the brunet into the bed with a hand around his throat. The arch of his back was instantaneous, pushing against Dream’s palm with squeaky breaths.

“Another,” George begged. “Oh please, *another*,” he breathed.

Dream tightened his hand around the column of George’s neck, squeezing against the palpitating pulse fluttering beneath the pads of careful fingers.

“Really? I just gave you one.” He spoke snidely, pistoning his finger at a sharper angle as if to prove a point.

“*Yes*,” George cried out in frustration, trying to fuck back onto the digit inside of him. His throat

strained against Dream's hold as he did so, large palm nearly blotting out wax-white skin entirely. "Hurry up, you fucking idiot."

It was hard to take him seriously when his voice rasped with every other word, so Dream ignored him, drawing his finger out and back in again in purposeful, slow movements.

"You know," Dream commented casually, "you don't feel as tight as I was expecting." He felt a slow grin work its way onto his face. "You do this often or something, George?"

A twisted part of him howled viciously at the thought of anyone other than George himself working his own fingers up his ass, even though he knew, rationally, that he had nothing to be jealous of. George's last partner was years ago, and he'd never mentioned anyone else since.

But, that then meant he fingered himself at least semi-regularly. Images of George slumped at his desk, knees wide open in a V towards his pretty pink hole as Dream vocally commandeered the nimble fingers working in and out of himself helpfully flashed to the forefront of Dream's mind. A shiver curled through him.

He tried to meet George's eyes, but the brunet was no longer paying attention, too caught up in his own pleasure to don Dream with a response of any sort. He just breathed heavily, tongue half lolled out of his mouth, and gave no indication that he was even listening in the first place. Dream pried another slick digit alongside the first one in an attempt to garner the other's attention back, feeling George squirm and clench down around the doubled thickness. Heavy fingers pushed down to the knuckle in one swift movement.

"George."

"Ah, fuck. Fuck! I t-touch myself, Dream. I-I finger myself, I *do*," George babbled, barely coherent. Dream couldn't tear his eyes away if he cared to try.

"Yeah, princess?" He mocked, lip curling with a cruel smile. "Why?"

George forced open his hazy eyes, and Dream saw the glimmer of fresh tears welling above his bottom eyelid. "W-What?" He sounded wrecked.

Dream drove his fingers along the slick inside walls of George's ass sadistically, knowing how

quickly the gratification could turn into overstimulation once he found George's prostate. Red lips opened in a wordless shout, a thin drop of drool threatening to escape out of the corner of George's mouth.

"F-Fuck—"

"Answer me." Dream's voice was raised just enough to get the point across, but it didn't seem to bother George in the slightest.

A dislodged noise left the brunet again, who arched up into Dream's touch with a palpable sense of desperation.

"Because," his watery voice cracked. "I think about y-you, D-Dream—" the aforementioned added another dollop of lube onto his fingers and pushed in a third. "—oh fuck, I th-think about y-you a lot. Think about your fucking huge ass hands. How they'd stretch me and bruise me like I couldn't do to myself. Of *course* I've fucked myself to the thought of your hands t-touching me instead of my own. Never knew by just how much until today, but they're *so* much bigger than mine; they're so much bigger in real *life*." George breathed. He thrashed against the hand on his throat. "Fuck! Go *faster*, you idiot! Fuck me!"

George pushed up with enough vigour that Dream felt the need to loosen his grip for fear of genuinely damaging his oesophagus, the shorter man trying to force the digits further inside of him still. Dream chuckled roughly despite himself, resisting the pressure of George's heel at his back.

"Calm down, honey, don't piss me off." Dream hunched forward to pepper wet bites along George's exposed jawline while he pumped his fingers in and out of the man underneath him harshly. He used the broad width of his knuckles to align them flat and push gently outwards, scissoring until George keened and Dream felt him clench down harshly.

"Oh fuck, oh please," George begged, jaw listless and loose where it occasionally brushed against the hand over his throat.

Dream reached his fingers inside of George as far as they would go and left them there, wiggling the tips every few beats just to watch George's expression tighten with each cracked moan he elicited.

"Dream—"

He thrust his fingers once, unapologetically, mapping the inside of George in deft strokes. With unrelenting torment, Dream abused George's prostate one final time before pulling out completely, earning a high-pitched whine. Muscle tensed around him, and Dream leaned back to watch George's bodily reaction as it subconsciously tried to coax Dream back in.

A sharp whine disrupted his thoughts.

"Fuck, *please* Dream, I need your cock so bad, please fuck me. *Please*, you said you would—fuck me just like you *said you would*," George begged with an edge of abrasion that drove Dream insane. One of his small hands unclenched from the sheets and curled around Dream's bicep, before skirting around to his front and trying to trace down the path of hair right below his navel.

Aggravation sparked in Dream's gut, and he begrudgingly relinquished the hand from George's throat to grab both his wrists and pin them down with brutal force. George blinked up at him through misty desire, a fucked-out smile etched into his face. The nerve of him to still be grinning at Dream like the cat that caught the canary struck a match of blinding magnesium in Dream's chest. Spurred him to clench his hands until he had no doubt they'd leave bruises, for whatever Dream's warning was worth to this *brat*—before releasing him and sitting back up on his haunches, thumbs hooked under George's knees to bring the cleft of his ass flush with Dream's cock. The bigger male exhaled heavily through his nose, both out of exasperation, and at the pressure pinned against his over-sensitive dick.

"God," Dream felt like he was heaving for air. "You're so fucking hot, Georgie."

"Don't call me that, and get inside me already," the foot hooked over Dream's hip was joined by another, and both legs crossed their calves tightly against his back for emphasis.

Green eyes narrowed dangerously. Despite not wanting to listen to George when he was making demands, Dream had waited a *long fucking time* to sit between said person's legs, and he was so fucking uninterested in leaving his painfully hard erection untouched any longer.

With one huge hand supporting the small of George's back, he slicked up his dick with the other and directed the head towards George's ass. Even the lightest touch of his tip against George's rim was sending waves of hot pleasure to Dream's mind in a foggy whiteout of ardour. Distantly, he heard George moan and gasp encouragingly, nudging increasingly stringently against the small of his back as Dream pushed in.

A heavily drawn out cry of *yes* spilled from George's lips in conjunction with Dream's hips hitting the back of his thighs. Dream breathed heavily, feeling wet heat clench around him, reducing his thoughts to single syllables.

Fuck.

Dream readjusted his grip until he was confident in his hold against the brunet, the tiny movement shifting the angle of his cock slightly. George whined, mouth falling back open, hands useless by his head. Despite the heat and the buzzing in his head, Dream had half a mind to speak up.

"I'm waiting for you," Dream whispered, a sliver of tenderness through the cracks of his dictatorship.

Murky hazelnut eyes settled on his, and George cracked a listless, disbelieving smile. "Fuck you."

They breathed in silence for a moment, the faint whirring of fans in Dream's computer one of the minimal sounds within the room, pulling and pushing air mechanically, fighting quietly with the thundering rush of Dream's heartbeat in his ears in a deafening cacophony of silence.

"Move," George requested lightly after a moment.

Slowly, Dream began pulling out, the friction hot and overwhelmingly tight around his cock. He swore airily under his breath.

George only mewled in response, shifting his hips closer. With a grunt, Dream shoved back in to the hilt, jostling the thin body beneath him and earning a broken moan in return.

"You're so fucking full of yourself, you know that?" Dream growled, crushing his hips with the back of George's thighs, squeezing his hands ever tighter around their pale purchase.

Slick walls dragged up his cock as Dream gradually drew back out, and it felt *so good* that he couldn't bring himself to waste any more time on teasing. He constructed an unhurried, yet steady pace to start with, purely revelling in the glide of each thrust.

“Oh yeah?” George panted, beautiful, slender hands limp by either side of his head in an alabaster frame that limelited the brutal red fire of his face. “You’re pretty irritating, yourself.”

“God *fuck*,” Dream growled, snapping his hips roughly on the next push in. “Do you ever shut up?”

George gave a wild smile. “Maybe you can make me.”

Magma slowly dripped down Dream’s ribs. The way George was looking at him so adamantly through his heavily lidded eyes was empowering in a way Dream could never have imagined. George, to say the least, was a fucking *pest*—and wholly deserved the degradation Dream gave him—but after a quick change of pace, Dream found that fucking the lights out of the person who had edged and teased him to a live audience of several thousand felt *unbelievably* rewarding. Double that when said person had also been the catalyst of Dream’s attraction and lust for a few too many years.

He upheld a consistent pace, pulling George further onto his lap and gaining a sick sense of satisfaction from each sharp connection of his hipbones to George’s backside. Come tomorrow, Dream knew he wouldn’t have the willpower to block out thoughts of blueberry and amethyst marks covering his companion. He wondered if George would let Dream run his hands and eyes down his lithe body all over again, just to study the damage he’d committed in nothing short of an hour.

He slid his hands down to the small of George’s back, hooking thick thumbs over prominent hipbones in a crude outline of his pelvis, reddened cock flushed and hard, head pearled with beads of precum that dragged a glistening mess across George’s small stomach.

“Fuck, I can’t wait to see all the fucking marks on you, baby,” Dream grunted, hoisting George’s hips up higher. He hit a particularly deep thrust that made the outline of his cock press against George’s abdomen profanely. George shouted brokenly. Raising one hand, Dream flattened his palm over the area, pushing down against the bulge of his cock where it pitched in and out of George ruthlessly.

George shook with another cry, fisting sheets between his fingers.

“Shit, George, love your stupid small body. Feels like my dick’s about to split you open,” Dream panted, moving his hand to the side, but keeping his thumb spread across his body to push into the dip below George’s navel.

“Shut up, you're just stupidly *big*,” George gasped. “Oh fuck, *fuck*— Dream please, *please*,” George was begging, “spit on me, spit on me.”

Oh shit. Dream groaned, feeling his cock twitch inside of George—and who the *fuck* would have the strength to ignore GeorgeNot-fucking-Found when he made such a needy request? *Not* Dream.

He ceded one hand from George's waist, coming up to grab him by the jaw with a harsh enough grip to force it open. George whined and squeezed hard around him, earning a red-hot spark of pleasure straight through Dream's gut.

“Tongue out,” he gruffly commanded, pace slowing to accommodate his diverted focus, watching the pink muscle loll past wrecked lips with immediate eagerness.

He let a pocket of saliva pool to his tongue before spitting it into George's open mouth, effervescent drops of it catching onto his reddened top lip in a shiny mess.

George moaned out strangledly, allowing the obscene mix of their spit to slide across his tongue.

“You're a fucking whore,” Dream grumbled, though it lacked retribution. Begrudgingly, he took his hand from George's chin to amend their positioning, sliding out of George with an instantaneous feeling of dissatisfaction.

George began whining immediately. “*Dream*, come on, what are you doing?”

Manoeuvring George into his side, Dream forced George's leg back at the hip until his bent knee was up by his own shoulder. “Shut *up*, George.”

Petulantly, and because George had apparently never felt the need to follow even the simplest instruction in his *life*, he continued to complain, lifting his contorted leg so it was hooked over Dream's shoulder. Dream grabbed it before George could start kicking his heel against his back again and ducked under, switching it over to the other side. The underside of George's thigh now ran across the middle of Dream's chest, and George himself looked almost *laughable* like this, twisted in any way Dream bent him and leaking a line of drool from the corner of his opened mouth.

“So fucking pretty like this, *Georgie*,” Dream cooed with a self-satisfied smile, sliding his knees under him until the tops of his thighs were half-resting against the sheets, the change in position increasing pressure against the leg still flattened against his torso.

George craned his neck to try and see where their hips conjoined, and Dream took the moment to catch George off guard by plunging back in to the hilt. A long-winded sigh breathed out of George, who let his eyes fall shut. “Yes, *yes*.”

Dream snorted, not feeling much need to grace him with a response when George himself was only repeating the same minimal words over and over. Hips stole back their rhythm, and Dream experimented with the change in angle, grasping for purchase on George’s thigh and ramming into him with increased drive.

Another sound was ripped from the smaller man, warped from the surplus of saliva still in his mouth. Dream aimed his hips for the same spot again, obsessed with the way he could knock out a noise from of George at every push to the base.

Glistening lines of wetness streaked out of George’s mouth with each punch of Dream’s blunt head against his prostate. The hand around George’s leg unclenched, reaching out to swipe the mess on George’s face with his thumb.

“You’re a fucking gross little whore, aren’t you?” Dream growled. “What’s the deal? Can’t close your mouth when you’ve got a dick up your ass?” He shifted his hand and shoved his index into the wet heat of George’s mouth for emphasis, sliding over his slick tongue. George garbled something around the digit.

Dream leaned over, pushing against the unnatural position of George’s leg, quad muscles feebly resisting the stretch despite George’s clear efforts to force them otherwise. The finger was pushed to the side of George’s mouth, pad pressing hard against enamel where it sat hooked over his bottom teeth.

“Swallow this time,” was all the warning Dream gave before spitting into George’s open mouth a second time.

George whined, lips closing around the intrusion, and Dream felt the movement of his tongue as he swallowed. Wicked fire cinched down the cavity of Dream’s chest.

“*Good boy*, you *can* be a good boy,” Dream doted.

Teary eyes strained to meet his through a honey-coloured glaze of desire, and Dream removed his hand from George’s face finally, dragging his palm down the ridges of his stomach to finger teasing lines around the base of his neglected hard on.

“You gonna cum for me, Georgie?” A broad hand drew upwards to engulf George’s purpling cock, jerking rough movements in time with his fast thrusts.

“Please, please,” George begged, his babbling becoming swiftly incoherent, head tilted at an uncomfortable-looking angle, hitched shoulder brushing his chin every time Dream pounded forward with a little too much unmeant force. The line of their spit had dried on George’s cheek, a dark puddle betraying its final trajectory staining Dream’s sheets.

“Cum, then. You’re such a pretty boy like this Georgie, and I *want* you to cum, so you're going to do it because I *asked* you to. Right, pet?” Dream voiced in a tone nothing short of commanding.

George mumbled something more into the air between them, eyes blissfully shut. Thin white ropes of George’s release painted Dream’s fingers and caught on George’s stomach as Dream fucked him through his orgasm.

“I’m not stopping.” Dream warned.

George just shook his head listlessly, eyebrows pinching as he took the overstimulation. “Don’t, please don’t,” he rushed, tears just barely peeking past his waterline and clinging desperately to dark lashes.

Dream didn’t need any more encouraging, tuning out his surroundings and focusing on nothing but the heat of George below him; the slick tightness and the sickly satisfying glide. George’s body, quivering and clenching around Dream’s cock sporadically, a perfect accompaniment to every aggressive thrust that Dream aimed against George’s prostate. Dream stared at the pale complexion endeared with sweat and red below him, and he saw nothing else. Familiar tightness whipped sun-woven ropes in his gut taut, lightning zinging up the fibres of his muscles until his mind was a hounding wave and he was coming hard, white release spilling far into George. He didn’t stop when the pleasure turned turbulent, even as it forced Dream’s movements to grow erratic, until he could physically no longer keep it up. Dream leaned down over George, bracketing him between safeguarding arms.

Weak ardour burned dimly but valiantly, and Dream ground his hips forward as far as he could one final time, mind rendered unresponsive blue. George was moaning and muttering something under his breath, repeating himself over and over as ambiance to Dream's thoughts, running full of greed—wanton with the obscene sense of possessiveness that came tagged to the notion of having his cum fucked deeply inside of George. A shallow groan whisked past his lips. George whimpered, lip between his teeth.

Nothing existed for a moment—just Dream and his quiet desire. His forehead slouched against George's gently, silently relishing the heavy puffs of the other's worn-out breath against his sweaty face, drunk on knowing that George was feeling his do the same. Something content in Dream's heart flickered, a loving candle of indefinite (unending) life.

“George,” he whined out, sounding partway to incoherent.

George's face woke up with a blooming smile, burnished teeth just peeking through his ruddy lips. Despite how weak the action looked for him to carry out, George was leaning up and pressing a messy kiss to Dream's bottom lip, each heaved breath hot and burning against the side of Dream's face.

Maybe George intended for that to be it, but when the thought of pulling away reached his mind, Dream made a desperate noise and angled his head in a silent chase for the other's mouth, closing their lips together purposefully. It was a little messy, but Dream corrected the alignment at the same speed it took for his heart to melt, and moved against George with as much integrity as he could manage. A wetness swiped sloppily over Dream's bottom lip, who opened his mouth unthinkingly. It was slightly uncoordinated—on account for both sides being doped out of their minds on hormones that blunted their judgement and exceedingly diminished their standards—but it made Dream's throat squeeze. An airy sigh from George, one that diffused against Dream's lips, served as a stunted reality check, and Dream achingly separated from him to desperately draw in oxygen, feeling cognitivity seep back into his mind.

They panted against each other for a moment that Dream deemed as interminable. The misty clouds of George's unguarded breaths vulcanised Dream's head overwhelmingly in a blaze of candour. Dream sucked in a prickling breath, trying to force the intrusive feelings out of him in the desperate connection of his lips to George's again.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so very much for reading, it means a lot to me. :) This first scene was actually based off a real VOD, but I could just need to get my head out of the gutter. In

that one, Tubbo was versing Dream at chess, but for obvious reasons I changed that. Soo... not sure why he wins against Wilbur when he's getting sucked off enjoyed even if it is a bit scuffed!

Hope

Also, please consider telling me your favourite line! (If you had one). I always love hearing them.

:) so many thank you's for everyone reading and sticking around. I know I say this a lot, but I don't know how to put it into adequate words. Thankyouthankyouthankyo

Extra notes

Chapter Summary

Hello, I'm not continuing my unfinished dnf fics on this account, but ngl I had a decent sized amount of chapter 4 written down (plus my planning for the course of the chapter) so I figured I'd piss off with a peace offering 🙌

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

- finish first scene
- D and G spend a few days together between the next fuck wherein D does a lot of thinking and feels guilty for everything he's done — thinks he's been taking advantage of G.
- When they finally go to fuck again Dream appears to have gone back to being overtly careful with how he tests George despite G clarifying many times that he doesn't care
- Power bottom G absolutely dominates deer-in-headlights "FUCK he's on my lap" Dream. Poor boy (shocked + nervous/bashful)
- G gets into him for being a pushover even after G told him his boundaries and Dream said he'd meet them
- [confession scene can go here]
- Consider George riding Dream, belittling him for what he's done and taunting/begging him to "use that voice of yours, yell at me"
- Straight up just wear a condom bro it's safe vibes
- There's only so original I can be

Details: George arrived on a Tuesday, he is only staying for a week. They smashed the next day, in the afternoon sometime. Thursday morning:

Thursday morning felt like a clumsy and avoidable undoing. The smashed potatoes in Dream's frying pan crackled quietly amongst themselves. He shepherded them around with his fork.

Dream had been doing a lot of thinking.

It wasn't an immediate consequence; it took some very real time after he pulled apart from slack lips, dropped his entire weight onto George, and got smarted by the heel of the brunet's hasty palm. It wasn't when George vocalised, acutely, how unwittingly bearing Dream's entire body mass made him feel. Dream's head was filled with pale-coloured clouds, he really hadn't wanted to put in the effort to think as he pushed closer to George's collar with his tidal smile; stretched taut over his tourmaline teeth. The press of warm skin against his lips glowed warmly through the thick humidity in his head. He wasn't thinking, not even as he and George began to doze off after a

shower and quick relocation to a cleaner bed.

The seed of a single agitated thought tardily found itself floating through Dream's consciousness as he closed his eyes that night, but it wasn't until the next day that it's roots finally dehydrated the enamour blurring Dream's autonomy.

Did I take advantage of George?

The conception had momentarily washed over his wandering thoughts, and he'd promptly fallen asleep. A night and morning later, Dream really wished he was playing Skywars with Sapnap instead of moping around his kitchen whilst trying to ignore the sleeping body upstairs. Dream checked the time.

Now it was 11am, and Dream was standing over his cooktop in dead silence, meekly jabbing his food every few minutes in some sad attempt to rationalise with himself. Putting the space of a storey between them would probably be considered cowering, but luckily for Dream that's not what he was doing. Instead, he had come downstairs to make breakfast, which therefore ruled that hypothesis impossible.

His fingers twitched restlessly against the thin stem of stainless steel in his grip.

He felt... dirty. George probably wasn't in love with him, and he'd somehow let their situation get as far as it had. All of a sudden it felt like a mess, and Dream didn't know what to do about it. He also thought there could be a great element of catastrophising that was making it seem far worse than it actually was—after all, George had seemed to enjoy himself yesterday—but the threshold was a bit... unclear. Somehow, that did not make him feel better. What he really needed was to talk to George, and the thought made him feel queasy. Cowardice had never been such a prominent attribute of Dream.

Amidst the peak of his internal conflict, George chose that moment to appear at the foot of the stairs, and Dream was proud of himself for not jumping. Taking in George's sleepy appearance properly, Dream noted his look of disorientation, and unkempt hair messed about in an odd way. It made him feel marginally happier.

“Why didn't you wake me up?” The Brit asked, and the sight of him squinting at Dream, crossly baring a serious expression was once again shockingly familiar. Dream immediately felt like smiling.

Alternatively, he stood dumbly for a second while his stupid brain traipsed slowly back to a regular processing speed. Once it did, he realised with honesty that he didn't really understand how to answer. "...What?"

"You said you were gonna wake me up on time," it sounded like the other was trying to lodge a legitimate complaint—which, given that Dream knew George very well, he was actually pretty sure it was. "So I don't mess up my sleep schedule," the other added.

"What?" Dream asked again with surprise in his tone, brighter this time. "I never said that."

The corners of George's mouth twisted ever so slightly more. "Well... you were waking me up at the same time every morning."

"Yeah, I *was*, but I never said I *would*," Dream argued weakly, diverting concentration so he could flip a couple chunks of potato.

"So I assumed you would be waking me up today," George complained like it was obvious, crossing the distance to the kitchen.

"I'm not waking you up every day George, don't you have a phone?" Dream defended lightly. It was kind of true that the only reason he let George sleep in today was because he had to clear his usual routine in order to agonise with himself over a stovetop, and felt braver doing that while George wasn't around to witness how comical he surely looked, but Dream couldn't possibly allow George to find that out. Not only would it be embarrassing, but he wouldn't hear the fucking end of it.

"Well, I didn't think to set an alarm because you kept monitoring my sleep schedule like a freak," George was nothing but upfront when he was with Dream—he seemed to have fewer reservations before choosing to hurl stupid insults at Dream, even from the very moment he woke up. Honestly, Dream really couldn't find it in himself to be bothered by George's smart attitude, and deep down he really wanted to laugh, but he tried to keep his composure. His breaths felt warm.

A chuckle slipped through and the blond rested his elbows on the bench top. "I wasn't *monitoring*."

George bustled up and picked at a piece of bacon Dream had set aside. He made some sort of partly sarcastic, partly teasing sound to himself. "Oh yeah, okay."

Dream cracked with a wheeze, straightening up. Side-by-side, he fucking towered over George, and Dream briefly criticised himself for moving, because now George had to peer past his eyelashes just to meet his gaze, and it was very distracting.

“You need to get a hold of yourself, George. You act like a baby all the time—” George began to protest grouching, and Dream overlooked the hypocrisy in his statement, “—you fully expect me to control your circadian rhythm.”

George leaned petulantly against the counter beside him, staring into the frypan. Air escaped from Dream’s lungs in a silent rush, but as the eye contact was broken, Dream’s nonexistent sense of self-restraint redirected him to the clear slopes of George’s pale inner wrists.

George seemed to deliberate for a moment. “Well... yeah.”

A tiny piece of potato was flicked from the pan as Dream’s laugh rocked his arm. “Then it was your fault for getting reliant on that.”

“But you’re Dream, that’s literally what you *do*.”

“What, *baby* you? You’re the problem with D.N.F,” the gas disconnected and Dream watched the little blue ring of flames disappear. He turned to George and held the frypan up with a dramatic kink in his wrist, other hand perched on his hip, “even offline you feel the need to pander.”

“*Alright*, why are we discussing this,” George quickly chimed in, “you say that like you aren’t ten times worse than me at the exact same thing. Haven’t you been trying to get me to kiss you on camera for years?” His head was cocked to one side as Dream nudged him back and pulled out a drawer between them, where he gestured vaguely at the stacks of crockery within.

“Okay—okay,” pressure pushed on Dream’s cheeks and strung his lips up in a wide smile as he divided up more food. “Listen—yes, you have... somewhat of a point. Maybe I’m a little bit unnecessarily flamboyant,” George began to rise in volume, and Dream fought to speak over his whining. “But people know I’m joking.”

George snorted, but produced two clean plates, and a serving of potatoes was evenly distributed onto both. George tapped his nail against solid white. Dream observed him quietly, trying to quell his mirth. There was a beat of silence while George backed away from the counter with a full plate

between his palms.

“You’re just... wrong.”

His lungs squeezed and Dream coughed a little to clear the air from his throat. “Shut up, this conversation has gone nowhere. Go eat your food.”

Despite the fact he was turning away, Dream was pretty sure he caught the promise of a smile on the other’s face.

George was fussing with the arrangement of his utensils at the table. “Alright,” he acquiesced. “Just know that I’m counting that as a forfeit from you.”

“Pff, what? Get over yourself.”

It seemed that once George got started on a plate of food, it held far greater priority to him, and they ate mostly in silence.

“Anyway,” George inserted pointedly while he rose from his seat with a spotless dish. “Since you’re the one that theoretically ‘planned’ this whole thing, what are we doing today?”

Dream stopped his fork as it was halfway to his mouth and blinked a few times while he considered his response. “Um– I don’t know. We can do whatever you want. D’you feel up to going out somewhere or would you rather stay in?”

The corners of George’s mouth turned up knowingly, almost as though he’d expected Dream’s answer. “Hence why I specified theoretically. Did you really drag me all the way out here without a plan? I’m here for a week, Dream.”

George began rinsing his plate, and Dream paused.

With hindsight, he realised how stupid it was for not thinking this through better. George had been wanting to come to Florida for a long time. Dream could have respected that better. Instead he had not come up with a solid plan further than ‘make sure his jet lag clears up’. Dream scratched his jaw, unable to meet George’s uncharacteristically patient eyes at that moment.

Something came to Dream's mind.

"Actually," Dream began, feeling confident. "I do have something we can do."

George's hands stopped fiddling and he quirked an eyebrow. Dream smiled, keeping his hands unquestionably by his side to prevent them from doing something stupid like reaching for George's.

"It's a great idea actually, you're gonna thank me for it later." He paused, "if you're feeling up to it, you know we can—"

"Don't worry about me, I'll be fine," George waved him off.

"First of all, fuck you Dream, you know that? We essentially had video sex a month ago, and then immediately planned for me to come here because we wanted to fuck around some more, where we just had literal sex and now you're saying you've been laying me off was because you didn't want to overstep *boundaries*? That's a shit excuse. What *happened*? Why did I deliver you a whole speech about 'doing your worst' if you're just gonna keep treating me like I'm made of glass?" George gestured wildly, thighs warm on either side of Dream where they tensed intermittently with his movements. Dream felt lightheaded.

A breathless laugh slipped out of the blond at the sight before him. George looked haphazard and avid. George felt inevitable.

The Brit stopped, looking halfway between wanting to throttle Dream and being vastly confused.

"What?"

Dream timidly grazed his hands over George's thighs, palms flattening against their steadily

emanating heat.

“You’re everything.” He admitted, and a weight was carried off his chest into a phantom wind.

George’s arms fell lax, loose fingers coming to lie on Dream’s torso. He looked lost, like Dream was telling him to run when no one had ever explained to him how to stand.

“Dream?” His voice was soft, encouraging.

Dream squeezed his fingers imperceptibly, before sliding a hand up George’s lithe body to cup his neck, relishing the way George didn’t look away as he dragged in staggering air to the bottom of his lungs. Dream tugged him closer gently, grip forgiving and light, asking for permission. George’s eyes finally left his, flicking down to settle on his lips, no longer very far away.

Dream leaned up until he felt warm breath glide over the delicate rose of his lips, just barely spilling past his mouth, set ajar, to meld into his quivering inhales.

George knocked his nose against Dream’s deftly, his careful intent so achingly familiar for the blond.

“George...” he began, but he didn’t know what he intended to say. He pushed forward and pressed their lips together.

Falling for George had been a careful, deliberate act. Everything about it was so uncharacteristic of Dream that it often scrambled his thoughts. At first, it had made him uneasy and scared—scared for the unknown, for a feeling he couldn’t express, because he’d never experienced it before.

Since George had accidentally sent him that seemingly unfateful truth a month ago, everything had come to fold in on itself in slow-moving precision. He’d realised, with time, that the way he felt was an obscure facsimile of George’s temperament, rather than his own. That every time he fell in love with George slowly, it was a lacklustre projection of what he so badly wanted to have.

He kissed George with his heart in the open space between them, and the guilt was overbearing. George kissed back.

Unwillingly, Dream put centimetres of poignant distance back between them. His lips felt immediately cold.

“George... you— you know I’m in love with you right?” His small voice cracked with tremors, and Dream knew he was more afraid of this than he ever was of loving George in the first place. “Y—you’re that person for me, too.” He whispered, re-instilling the words he’d said over a month ago.

George had frozen above him, eyes boring into nothing as he absorbed the fragile information like osmosis. Something in Dream’s tone must have clicked, and he looked up, eyes searching Dream’s ruminatively.

“That day... you meant that.” He stated, but Dream didn’t reply—George already knew the answer. “You tried to tell me.” George reaffirmed. He spoke the words aloud like they were; the truth. Dream felt him lean away and his heart shattered in the canyon between them, pointless fractures scattered and lost amongst red dust.

He tried not to let his disappointment show when he dropped his hands from George’s thighs, even as his shoulders attempted to slope.

“George, I...” He smothered the sting in his chest and denied his emotions the chance to surface. His mind ran marathons in its haste to make sure George was okay. “I’m so sorry. I should never have put you through this. I should have been honest. I really am so, so sorry.”

His guilt corroded him.

George still wasn’t saying anything, just watching Dream with a faraway expression on his face, like he was the first person to see a never before perceived colour for the first time. Dream disconnected their eye contact, wishing he could fidget. He closed his fist around his thumb instead.

George brought himself forward by snaking his arms around Dream’s middle, fingers splaying and pushing over the muscles and ridges of the younger man’s back. He dropped his head unceremoniously into Dream’s shoulder, burying his face into the supple dip beneath his collarbone.

“Fuck’s sake...” George mumbled, squishing his face further into grey fabric.

He heard George's drifting lilt press more exasperated words into his sweatshirt, but they were so muffled he couldn't make them out. He'd barely begun a timid *what..?* before George snickered, abruptly and airily. He uncovered his mouth slightly, and somehow, Dream could feel his smile from the push of his cheeks against his chest.

"George...?" Dream tried, rapidly becoming more confused than he was afraid.

"This is fucking stupid."

"What—"

George tore his head away and locked with Dream's gaze again. The corners of his eyes were creased. It seemed like a strangely good sign. Dream watched owlishly, a wick of hope dying to be lit in his chest.

"I've been so *obviously* obsessed with you for so long, you dense idiot." George reprimanded, one arm sliding around to Dream's front, thumping lightly on his sternum. Dream stared, in shock. He couldn't fathom why he had been rendered so starstruck by George when he supposedly knew the guy as well as he knew himself. It would make one assume he couldn't keep getting surprised by George's reactions.

"Is this a joke?" George continued lightly, and finally, Dream let a smile invade his face. "I mean come on, I literally told you 'I trust you with everything' and 'I love you', what did you drag this out so long for?"

Dream was grinning before he had caught up with what had happened.

"Me? I said that I loved you twice, dumbass, and you didn't fucking get the message! Stay in your fucking lane," Dream retaliated incredulously, elated giggling interrupting his speech. His hands found their way back to George's body, holding his sides like they were precious treasure.

"Well, I just thought..." the brunet started defensively, looking around as if the reasoning would come to him. "I don't know! You say that all the time! How was I meant to know to take this one *specific* time seriously? We were having a moment." George enunciated.

"*Twice.*"

George rolled his eyes sourly, like he thought he had any right to act exasperated. Dream reached up and flicked his cheek.

“Shut up!” George immediately protested loudly, jolting away.

Dream wheezed. “I’m not saying anything!”

“You’re being annoying.”

“*You’re* fucking annoying,” Dream said with a rose-coloured smile.

“Ugh,” George grouched, theatrically throwing Dream’s arms out of the way to collapse onto his larger frame again. Dream’s breath knocked out of him with an *oof*.

“You may be small, but you’re still a fully grown man,” he heaved, palms unthinkingly coming up to hold George steady against him. “Fucking hell.”

George just shoved himself even closer obnoxiously, squishing Dream against the bed. “No one asked. *Wee waa, get off me,*” George mocked.

Everything about this conversation was sending Dream reeling, but it already felt like his favourite they’d ever had. He loved it, and he adored his best friend. He drew his arms around George as tight as they would go without dislodging him.

“You need to shut up,” Dream commented.

“Wh–”

“*Shh,*” he hissed. “I’m w– I’m just– stop it, I want this.” Dream indoctrinated with an eloquent stutter. Thoughts didn’t really translate well into sentences for him, and that was even without George around.

A sharp laugh burst from George in a huff, and Dream almost went deaf with it, the muffling quality of his clothes being his only saving grace.

“What?”

“I said shut up.”

“You want ‘this’? Me?”

George lifted his head when Dream didn’t speak, and stared him in the eyes. Despite the intense proximity, it didn’t feel intimidating. “Use your smart words, pretty boy.”

Dream broke with an amused huff, caught off guard. “‘Pretty boy’?” He parroted, “that’s you, honey.”

“Answer me.” George crowed, trying to play off his red face.

“Okay, yeah,” Dream replied earnestly. “I want you. I want nothing else like I want you.” Large hands slipped low to rest on the curve of George’s thighs beneath his waist, long fingers just brushing his backside.

George pursed his lips abashedly, face flooded a beautiful red. He clearly hadn’t expected Dream to be so forward with so little prompting. “Oh. That’s... good.”

Dream chuckled. “Is that it?”

“No,” George whined, shoving his face into Dream’s chest for the umpteenth time. “I... that makes me really happy. I want you too.”

His voice was analeptic, and Dream felt his heart slowing down. Then George regained his uprightness, gazing down at him with something important illuminated beneath the depths of his deeply brown eyes. Dream held his stare and waited patiently, breath still in his throat.

“Dream, I need to say this more, because it– it’s true, and I can’t ever lose someone like you because I was too scared to tell you, I...” he paused, briefly glancing away in a split second loss of

nerve, then reaffirmed their eye contact with sincerity.

“I love you. I really, really do.” George reached down and touched his fingers to Dream’s hands, arms loosely crossed over his front. “I know I’ve never said that often enough, but I guess I have a whole lot more incentive now. I– I want to make this work, even when I’m in Brighton. Well... what do you think?”

Dream stared at him, awed. He felt like he’d rarely ever gotten to see this side of George, and its featherlight touch gilded his heart and spilled out his pores, until their small, private world reached chrysopoeia. Gold ran warm and shimmering down the walls.

“Okay, yes,” he whispered softly. “I want that. Until you get to move here, right?” Dream cheeked, then his expression melted at the edges, and he raised a hand to brush George’s jaw, cupping his face.

“And hey... you don’t have to say you love me. I know you do, Georgie.” A small smile pushed his eyes into waning crescents. “Besides, I can say it enough for both of us.”

George’s eyes betrayed his emotions. Dream knew he hated showing vulnerability, and the prolonged eye contact was probably starting to get to him; so he let his eyelids slip shut and pushed forward until his nose was pressed into George’s cheek. Both his arms came up to wrap around the other’s frame, holding them steady. George meekly lifted his arms to mirror the action, and a smile shifted onto Dream’s face.

He melded his lips to the shape of the brunet’s jaw underneath them, stubble rough against sensitive skin. Dream carefully locked this memory in the abiditory of his heart.

Chapter End Notes

My personal views on the dteam has changed over the last few months.

If they still make you smile and you enjoy their content, good for you. I couldn’t take this seriously when I read over it but I’ll admit it was pretty sillay. I loved this description: “Poor boy (shocked + nervous/bashful)”. Super deep

Some parts at the end especially I felt ought to be fixed but I don’t know what I was talking about when I first wrote it so I just dk how to progress hahaha

Thanks heaps for supporting me, writing was really really fun while it lasted. I may not respond to comments btw but happy travels

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!